The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL. BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17. 1895. NO. 24

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10 40 A. M. 2.30, 6 40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 10.40 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7 45, 10.00 A. M., 1 00, 1 10, 7 20 P. M. Closes at 5 45, 10 00 A. M., 1 40, 3.30 6 00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8 00 A. M. and closes at 8.40 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.40 A M , leaves 1.00 P. M

WESTERN—Arrives at 7 15, 10 00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. B. FINE, P. M.

Change of Time.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 19, 1894.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamer Columbia leave Mill Street Bristol for Philadelphia at 7 15 a. m.
Returning, leaves Philadelphia, Chestnut St wharf, at 2 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila (Broad St.), *2.46 5.85, 6 30, 6 51, 7.21, 7 41, *8.12, 8 23, *9.14, 9 51 *10 26 A. M. 12 05, 12.55, *1.17, *1.03, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 48, 6.25, *7 00, 8.09, 8 30, 9 27, *11 03 P. M.
Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10 26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5 43, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9 28, *11.08 P. M.
Leave Phila (Broad St), for Bristol, 12 01, *3 20, 6 07, 6 28, *6 50, 7 34. *8 14 8 30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01, 12 50, 1 50, 2 43, 3.32, *3 52 4.30, *5 00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9 17, *10 00, 11 15 P. M.
Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11.45 A M. 2 00, *5 20. 5 54, *6 20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10 00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson returned to Bristol yesterday from the Bermudas.

—An entertainment for the benefit of the Bristol Library will be given early in February.

—Bristol sent up a good sized delegation to the inauguration ceremonies at Harrisburg.

—The Canal company is making extensive repairs on the locks between Bristol and Easton.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—The Steamboat Columbia and the ferry boat Wm E. Doron, resumed their trips last Monday.

—The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bristol Library will be held this evening, in the Library room, for the election of a Board of Managers for the ensuing year.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—Rev E. J. Johnson who has been conducting revival services at the second Baptist church during the past two weeks, has added a number of members to the church.

—A change in the time of a number of trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went into effect last Monday. The revised table of trains between Bristol and Philadelphia is given at the head of this column.

—Thirteen appears to be an unlucky number. Officers Wilkinson and Tice, of Bristol, and railroad detective Brown, captured a gang of thirteen tramps below Bristol one day last week and landed them in the county jail.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, January 16th, 1895: Mrs. Sarah Buckman, Miss Josephine Guilhorn, Mrs. Mary Hooven, Mrs. Pat Hosey, Reta Kenese, Mary O. Brien, Mrs. John Rea, Miss Johanna Schain, Frank Watson, Fred Wilson, John Wells.

—A boy about 14 years of age named Strobele, from New Brunswick, N. J., in company with a tramp applied for lodgings at the station house last Sunday night. After some close questioning the boy admitted that he run away from his home, his father was telegraphed to, who afterward come on and took his son home.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad is now moving all Western-bound freight over the Trenton Cut-off Road, and have erected several new signal towers, which will give positions to eight telegraph operators. The New York mail and express has been on this route some time, and it is thought with the spring business additional passenger service will be added.

—The Bristol Choral Union will probably meet for the last time on Monday evening next, unless sufficient interest is shown by increased attendance to warrant a continuance. It seems more than strange that with a thoroughly competent director, whose services are gratuitous, and merely nominal dues, that such an organization should be permitted to disband.

—Chairman B. F. Gilkeson, of the Republican State Committee, is to be appointed by Governor Hastings, Banking Commissioner, as soon as the bill to establish a new banking department is passed and receives the Governor's signature. The bill received its first reading in the Senate yesterday, and will be rushed through as quickly as possible. The principal feature of the bill is that it fixes the salary of the Commissioner at $6,000 per annum, which is $2,000 in excess of what the present Superintendent of Banking receives. The bill also seeks to put in control of the proposed department the building associations of the State, which will largely increase the duties devolving upon the present department.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

In the Sixtieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, recently issued, the following occurs touching "School Libraries:"

"The time has undoubtedly come for the enactment of a law authorizing the directors to use a portion of the annual appropriation for the purpose of establishing and maintaining school libraries. Pupils should read to learn as well as learn to read. If a bright boy who has learned to get thought from the printed page does not have access to books containing valuable and interesting information, he will seek the excitement of objectionable literature. Often before teachers and parents are aware of danger, the boy has from such literature formed false ideas of life, and obtained material for the creation of an imaginary world of adventure and sin, in which he roams and revels until his character is completely undermined."

A school library is a desirable acquisition to a school, not only for the use and advantage of the teacher, but also for all the pupils who are old enough to read. In some places the nucleus for a library has originated by obtaining money for the purchase of books from school entertainments. These have a double value in the immediate delight and instruction afforded, coupled with the financial result. They are always a source of local enjoyment.

In Bristol the excellent school library has for its resource the fund obtained for the tuition of non-residents. These attending pupils are admitted on application, provided there is room to accommodate them, and at a moderate cost per month.

In the early part of the year 1886, a member of the school board, who is a member at the present time, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, That the money received for tuition of non-residents be used for the purchase of suitable books for the formation of a Library, to be placed in the Wood-street school-house for the benefit of all the teachers."

Subsequently the use of the library was extended to the older pupils at the discretion of the teachers, and books are allowed to be carried home by those who take proper care of them

Recently the library was removed to the Superintendent's Office in the High School building, where it is a conspicuous feature The latest purchase for the library was a set of Chambers's Encyclopedias, ten volumes, last edition, substantially bound in maroon cowhide and cloth. It is a work of high value, and an admirable addition to the library.

At the regular meeting of the School Board last Thursday evening, J. K. Wildman, chairman of the Library committee, presented the following report:—

Whole number of works in the library, Jan. 3 rd. 1895, 347.

Number of volumes, 362.

Total cost, $834.18

Total receipts for tuition of non-residents from March 4th, 1886 to December 6th, 1894, $686.77. Surplus applicable to the purchase of books for the Library, $352.59.

The books have been selected with care, and the collection includes useful works of reference; a variety on educational subjects; many of an important character relating to methods of teaching in every branch of instruction; scientific works, particularly in the elementary domain, histories; biographies; poems; essays; travels; and a fair assortment culled from the choice department of fiction.

Deputy Coroner Brennan Accused.

The Doylestown Democrat gives the following version of the trouble Deputy Coroner Brennan is in for refusing to turn over a bank book to the son of Mrs. O. C. Savage, who died suddenly near Bristol:

"A rule was granted by the Court on Thursday afternoon on Deputy Coroner Wm. J. Brennan of Bristol, to show cause why he should not turn over certain property in his possession to William E. Savage, an attorney-at-law of Los Angeles, Cal. and also to show cause why he should not be proceeded against for extortion in office. The rule was granted upon information contained in a letter which the Court received from Mr. Savage, the statements contained therein being about as follows:

"Mrs. Olivia C. Savage died quite suddenly of heart disease while on a visit to an old friend, Mrs A. M. Himmelwright, who lives near Bristol Deputy Coroner Brennan held an inquest on the body and took possession of articles belonging to the deceased woman, including a gold watch, a pair of gold eye-glasses, and a book showing a deposit of $660 in the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society. The Deputy Coroner then wrote to Mr. Savage at Los Angeles, enclosing the card of John C. Stuckert, Esq., of Bristol, and suggesting that Mr. Savage employ him as attorney to take charge of his case.

"Mr. Savage intimates that he was very much surprised to learn that he had a 'case' and says that if it had been necessary he would have come east himself, as he is an attorney, and could have looked after his own interests. Mr. Savage says he then directed Mrs Himmelwright, who was known to Deputy Coroner Brennan, to get the articles for him, but that the Deputy Coroner refused to give them up until he was paid $10, without specifying what such charge was for. Mr. Savage then laid these facts before the Court in his letter.

"In granting the rule, Judge Yerkes said the death of Mrs. Savage was evidently not such as to warrant the holding of an inquest. The woman had died of heart disease, and it was the duty of the attending physician to find out that fact before an inquest was held, instead of calling in the Coroner and then ascertaining the fact afterward, as he did in this case. The 'I tickle you, you tickle me' practices of this kind, the Court said, are going too far and need halting."

W. C. T. U. Notes.

The "Union Signal" meeting of the W. C. T. U., will be held on next Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., at the usual place, the M. E. Church. Friends and strangers made welcome at our meetings.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Bristol Improvement Company was held in Bristol Library, on Tuesday, January 15th, 1895, 2,991 shares being present in person or by proxy, John Burton, President, in the chair.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The report of the Treasurer was presented, approved, accepted and ordered spread upon the minutes.

The report of the Board of Directors to the company was also presented, accepted, and ordered spread upon the minutes

The chair appointed George W. Strauser and Jacob S. Young election officers, who were duly sworn to properly discharge the duties of their office.

The following nominations were made for Directors: John Burton, A. Weir Gilkeson, George A. Shoemaker, Amos B. Headley, Charles Leedoom; for President, John Burton; for Secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson, for Treasurer, William V. Leech. There being no other nominations it was moved and carried that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the nominees. This being done, the election officers announced as the result of the election that there had been elected as Directors to serve for the ensuing year, John Burton, A. Weir Gilkeson, George A. Shoemaker, Amos B. Headley, Charles Leedom; and as President, John Burton; as Secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson; and as Treasurer, William V. Leech.

On motion it was unanimously resolved that the Board of Directors be instructed to continue the policy of purchasing the Company's stock to the amount of available funds for that purpose.

It was unanimously ordered that the proceedings of this meeting, including the reports of the Treasurer and the Directors, be published in printed form, and a copy sent to each stockholder.

On motion the meeting then adjourned.

GEORGE A. SHOEMAKER,
Secretary pro tem

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.
January 15th, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Jan 15, 1894,		$574.95
Rent account,	$23,620 86	
Insurance (Rebates),	869.42	
Loan Account,	6,300 00	
Dividend on Stock,	496 87	
Fire Service Revenue,	534.61	
Water Rents,	773 50	
Expenses account,	77 66	
Sundry accounts,	601.80	$33,281 72
Total,		$33,856 67

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dividends, Nos 69, 70, 71, 72,		$11.650.00	
Insurance,		1,777 51	
Taxes—State,	$1,048 50		
Borough,	328 47		
School,	233 90		
County,	214 59		
		$1 825 46	
Loan Account,		6,300.00	
Expense Account,		803.33	
Water Rent, (For Fire Service)		200 00	
Interest,		113 13	
Repair Account—			
Worsted Mill,	$ 537,19		
Carpet Mill,	3,019 94		
Wall Paper Mill,	200 62		
Keystone Mill,	866 55		
Iron Foundry,	326 76		
Sundries,	4 50		
		$4 955 56	
Water Rent,		574 16	
Sundry Accounts,		518 16	
Stock Purchased, 111 Shares		4,946.60	33,663.91
Balance on hand			$192 76

Respectfully submitted,
WM V. LEECH, Treasurer.

Audited and found correct,
CHAS. LEEDOM,
AMOS B HEADLEY, Auditors.

DIRECTORS ANNUAL REPORT.

Bristol, Pa., January 15th, 1895.

To the Stockholders of the Bristol Improvement Co:

Your Board of Directors respectfully submit the Eighteenth Annual Report of the Company.

For the first time in a number of years we are glad to be able to report that all the properties of the company are in active operation for manufacturing purposes and bearing full revenue, the Keystone Mill having been leased for a period of five years from July 1st, 1894 to Messrs. E. T. Steel & Co. This mill having been idle for a number of years the expense necessary to put in condition for manufacturing purposes was $866.55.

The Repair Account for this year shows an expenditure of over five thousand dollars, which amount is abnormal, occasioned by the above mentioned repairs to the Keystone Mill and the necessity of an entire new roof for the Carpet Mill Dye House, costing $2,198.29. The new roof has been constructed as far as is known to modern science, to be gas and acid proof; the action of these in a great measure caused the distruction of the old one.

The following is a statement of repair account.

Worsted Mill,	$ 597.05
Carpet Mill,	930.97
" " Dye House Roof,	2,198.29
Wall Paper Mill,	299.02
Keystone Mill,	866.55
Iron Foundry,	359.18
General Repairs,	4.50
	$5,255.55.

An agreement has been made with the Bristol Water Co. whereby the pressure from the Water Works will be directly and constantly on the automatic fire sprinklers in all the mills. In addition to this all the mill fire pumps will be connected into the main water pipes already laid, forming one general system, and enabling in case of fire the concentration at any point in the system a large volume of water.

In compliance with your instructions at the last annual meeting, a circular was sent to each stockholder inviting offers for the sale of stock. The result was 215 shares offered at an average price of $48.4632. The company purchased 111 shares at an average price of $44 5639 per share, total amount being $4,946.60. The above embraced all stock offered at $45.00 per share and below.

The following is the statement of the Company at this date:

ASSETS.

Bristol Worsted Mills	$ 60,958.72	
Iron Foundry	9,119.61	
Keystone Mill	12,026 60	
Wall Paper Mill	60,736 95	
Carpet Mill	108,403 11	
Main Line Water Pipe	2,242 00	
Outside Fire Protection	4,946.62	
Bristol Imp. Co. Stock, 282 Shares	12,392.10	
Cash in Treasurer's hands	192.76	
		$271,019.03

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$239,000.00	
Bills Payable	2,500.00	
Cost of property in excess of Capital Stock	25,434.17	
Net Balance Invested in Co's own Stock	16,084 86	
		$271,019.03

During the year the resignation from the Board of Directors of Mr. Ellwood Burton, of Tullytown, was received, owing to illness he being unable to attend to the duties of his office. This vacancy was filled by the election of Mr. Amos B. Headley, of Tullytown, Pa. Mr. Francis Fenimore, late of the Wall Paper Mill, having removed from Bristol also resigned, and the vacancy was filled by the election of Mr. Charles Leedom, of the Carpet Mill.

Respectfully submitted by order of the Board of Directors. G. A. SHOEMAKER, Secretary pro tem.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH OF BRISTOL BOROUGH.

To the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, Gentlemen:

In accordance with the statutes governing the operations of local Boards of Health, the Board of Health of the Borough of Bristol herewith submits its annual report for the year 1894.

The Board has given careful attention throughout the year to the sanitary condition of the borough. During the Spring months householders were notified by circular to put their cellars in sanitary condition, and in the month of June the Health Officer inspected a large number of houses in the borough, and where any were found to be in an unsanitary condition he ordered them cleansed and the cellars whitewashed. Forty-three nuisances in different parts of the borough were abated during the year, and monthly, from June to October, inclusive, the Street Commissioner, by order of the Street Committee, and at the request of the President of the Health Board, opened all the street hydrants in the borough.

In the month of June the Burgess and Council sent a communication to the Board of Health, requesting it to confer with the Canal Company regarding the condition of the canal basin, with a view of having the stagnant and filthy water therein contained removed. The Board of Health appointed a committee to confer with the General Supervisor of the Canal Company, and after consultation it was found that the most feasible plan to remedy the evil was the placing of a new overflow, which was accordingly done, and the impurities in the water in the basin have been consequently greatly lessened, to the great satisfaction of those who reside in that section of the town.

At the request of the Board of Health the Directors of the Public Schools have ordered that pupils who have been inmates of houses where contagious and infectious diseases have prevailed, shall not be readmitted into the schools without first presenting a certificate from the Secretary of the Health Board that there is no longer danger from infection therefrom.

A request to the School Board that pupils who had not been successfully vaccinated should not be permitted to attend school after January 1st, 1895, has not yet been favorably considered.

A record of the number of births, marriages and deaths within the borough has been kept. During the year 1894 there were 159 births, 29 marriages and 136 deaths reported. The death rate, estimating the population at 7,000, is a fraction over 19 to the 1000. The causes of death are as follows:

Cholera Infantum	15
Diphtheria	15
Heart Disease	13
Consumption	10
Casualties	6
Convulsions	5
Pneumonia	4
Paralysis	4
Gastritis	4
Old Age	4
Marasmus	4
Premature Birth	3
Stillborn	3
Cancer	3
Diabetes	3
Apoplexy	3
Grip	2
Typhoid Fever	2
Bright's Disease	2
Inanition	2
Peritonitis	2
Asthenia	2
Membraneous Croup	2
Pericarditis	1
Whooping Cough	1
Chronic Gastric Catarrh	1
Prostration after Grip	1
Cerebral Softening	1
Nervous Prostration	1
Inflammation of Lungs	1
Congestion of Lungs	1
Exhaustion from Ulceration	1
Chirrosis of Liver	1
Heat Exhaustion	1
Progressive Pernicious Anæmia	1
Omphalitis	1
Internal Hemorrhage	1
Bronchitis	1
Cholera Morbus	1
Meningitis	1
Bronchial Catarrh	1
Locomotor Ataxia	1
Enteritis	1
General Debility	1
Epilepsy	1
Cyanosis	1

Of the total 136 deaths 55 were of persons under 5 years of age, 12 between 5 and 10, 4 from 10 to 20, 6 from 20 to 30, 4 from 30 to 40, 1 from 40 to 50, 15 from 50 to 60, 19 from 60 to 70, 8 from 70 to 80, 7 from 80 to 90, 2 over 90 years of age, and 3 whose ages were unknown.

Of 58 cases of contagious, infectious and communicable diseases during the year, 10 were of typhoid fever with 2 deaths, 27 of diphtheria with 15 deaths, and 14 of scarlet fever, 6 of scarlet rash, and 1 of measles, with no deaths.

In all cases of contagious diseases the premises have been quarantined, the houses placarded, and where children were inmates the schools were notified not to receive them until danger from infection had been removed and the premises thoroughly fumigated and cleansed.

HOWARD PURSELL,
President Board of Health

Attest—JESSE G. THOMAS, Sec'y.
Bristol, Pa., January 14, 1895

All the Way From Tullytown.

Tullytown exhibits a good deal of enterprise in the way of telephonic facilities. The three stores, Shoemaker's mill, and the railroad station are each provided. Dr. J. A. Richards, of Fallsington, has a private wire connecting with the one at the station, and Dr. Reed is about putting in a wire from Tullytown to Moon's, at Fallsington; and another wire is under consideration leading from P. P. Morris' place at Morris' Hill to Tullytown Central. If this thing keeps up Tullytown will be full of private wires.

As election day approaches candidates multiply. Dr. Tallman, C. Mannington, the excellent correspondent of the Delaware Valley Advance, "Bob" Chase, the foreman of the paint mill factory, William Allen, the railroad man, and ex-Assessor James Randall are all willing to serve the people in the capacity of assessor.

There seems to be considerable opposition developing against Alex. Cullen, the Democratic policeman. The Young Democracy claim to be able to down him. Their antagonism is aroused probably because he did his duty. B.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Dec. 30, 1894.

EDITOR GAZETTE—Picking up my pen after an interval of a couple of days, I am able to say that our wish for a hard rain has been gratified. It began to blow from the south yesterday—the rainy quarter—and soon a heavy sea was running down the bay, as we found by taking a sail, to the Dockyard in one of Bermuda's crack racing yachts, the "Undine," which thus far has been our water carriage. She is certainly a fast boat, and also a wet one, a cutter of course, about twenty-five feet long over all and perhaps six feet beam, with mast stepped well forward and of such ridiculous rake that a line dropped from the mast-head would strike ten feet from the foot. A leg-of-mutton sail (gaffs are unknown in Bermuda) and a very small storm jib furnish the motive power, which is increased by another jib, a flying jib, a spinnaker, and a water sail, rigged in some mysterious manner below the boom in a light breeze, I believe, though when a "light breeze" drops upon Bermuda I do not know. So far a reefed mainsail and storm jib has been the extent of our canvas. These boats can scarcely upset, though if they filled they would, of course, go down like a chunk of lead. I am told that no yacht has sunk in the history of man, but just why is a mystery, for the deck lines are as flat as a raft and the bowsprit runs out on an absolute level, and, in consequence, the sea comes aboard almost with the regularity of clockwork, and one must dress in waterproofs to go outside the harbor. Running out on the reefs the other day, the "mate"—we carried a crew of two—had occasion to go forward to free a line. I watched him with interest. He was certainly not two minutes at the job, and in that time three waves submerged the bow, rising to the man's knees. Except for a very high weatherboard around the cockpit and a short hatch over the forward end, I think the boats would sink three or four times an hour. They do have a dryer sort of boat, it is true, larger in size and decked over, and our skipper says he will have one that is pretty fast in a few days. I believe I said something about a rainy day to start with. Well, by sunset last night it was blowing [illegible] the natives, admit is a small gale," and it is still blowing. During the night it poured in torrents at frequent intervals and it is about the same to-day. We are told that the Bermudians stay indoors during these gales, probably we shall never know from observation if this is true or not, for we are certainly not going out to see. Even in this gale and rain though, we have had a couple of veritable sun bursts, when, for a moment, the gale has parted the clouds and the air is marvellously clear. We can see the signal flying from the Admiral's staff, a mile and a half off, and Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, four miles away in a direct line, stands out clear and distinct. The signals of Bermuda are a study. Signal posts occupy conspicuous positions, and they have a flag for everything under the sun, and a few more. A flag flying from a station always means something, and I have no doubt that those versed in the code can tell just when the Governor is eating his breakfast and what he is eating. I am writing after the method of that monumental fraud, Loisette, who devised a method for extracting five dollar bills by advertising a scheme of strengthening the memory a few years ago, that is I am letting one thing suggest another. Signals suggest flags. Not expecting to see much of our own flag, we brought along a small silk one to hang in our room and gaze upon. We have been agreeably disappointed. Naturally, the English flag floats everywhere. But the hotels, a number of the stores (shops, I beg their pardon,) and several residences are provided with two masts, from one of which floats the English colors and from the other our own. Wanting a signal to call our skipper, I found I could buy an American flag at several places and readily got one two and a half feet long for a shilling. Flags again suggest boating. Our room overlooks the bay, and when we want our skipper we hang out the flag. Whether he does anything else but watch our window I can't say, but within half an hour he appears at the steps, usually with both yacht and dingey, giving us our choice of a sail or a row.

After this storm is over we shall certainly have to be impolite enough to make a call or two out of curiosity, to see how damp the houses really are. It is undoubtedly true, from the testimony of everybody, that the houses are very damp. They are built of the native porous stone, through which, it is said, the rain would almost blow if it were not for the protecting concrete. Inside, the walls are as white as they are outside—wall paper being an impossibility—and when I asked why they did not paint or kalsomime them I was told that the dampness of the summer season frequently streaked even the white walls and nothing but annual whitewash will keep them presentable. Then, too, they are built flat on the ground without cellars, except in rare cases, cellars being useless from the fact that there is no necessity to store either coal or provisions, and strange perversity of custom! in many cases, the water tank occupies the place of the cellar! and stranger perversity still, they have a fashion of hanging the shutters from the top on the sunny side of the house, making, when open, a long, deep awning to keep out the summer sun, and these shutters they keep on the year round, effectually keeping the sun forever out of the houses. I dare say I have made myself a nuisance to many a kind-hearted and polite acquaintance by asking why they keep on their summer shutters all the year round? Why they do not build of wood? Why they do not build on piers? Why they do not build double hollow walls? Why they will build over tanks? Why they do not put in fireplaces? The only answer is "custom." Certain it is that chimneys play a very small part in the architecture of the island, that for the kitchen being the only one, it being a rarity to find a home in which it is possible to build a fire anywhere except the kitchen, and with the growing use of gasoline for cooking purposes in many cases even the kitchen chimney is not used, and certain it is also that our hotel—the "Princess"—and one dwelling at the head of the bay are the only two wooden buildings in Bermuda used for living purposes, and in fact, with the exception of a very occasional shed or storehouse in and around Hamilton, they are the only wooden buildings that we have seen at all. Who shall write the natural history of custom, and scientifically explain its birth, its growth and its persistence? I think the only scientific truth about custom that we know is that it is most persistent among isolated people, and Bermuda is certainly isolated enough. St. Helena only disputes with it the honor of being the most isolated spot of the inhabited world. Though I think Bermuda's steamer and telegraphic connection with the American continent must fairly force her to yield the palm to St. Helena, even if she really is, as some contend, a few miles more distant from any other land. But so persistent is custom, that even this communication with the outside world still leaves Bermuda, while three-quarters of an hour ahead of New York in time, more than three-quarters of a century behind in many other things. May it always be so, say we. We do not have to live in their damp houses, and if they like them and thrive in them (and they certainly do not get ill in consequence) I do not know that it is any of our business. We can ask nothing better of Bermuda than the opportunity to see her delightful old quaintness, enjoy her lovely scenery and climate, and meet with her kind and hospitable people. It will certainly be long before our American rush and hurry obtrudes itself upon this island where time is no object and hurry unknown. A hideous French roof or two in Hamilton attests contact with us, and I believe the words "electric railway" have been whispered with bated breath, but never [illegible] favor of modern improvements, etc., to a limited extent, but it is very small, and as their introduction would only be to accommodate Americans it is scarcely possible that they would prove successful. There is a universal desire to cater to Americans in the line of trade and general business. The Bermudians who have things to sell are just as anxious to please us and catch our dollars as we would be if they came to us. Our experience with them does not give room for complaint of extortion. Prices of things that visitors want to buy or use range fairly well with those at home. As a general statement, I should say that fancy articles, jewellery, and silver-ware are higher than with us, while clothing and dry goods are much less. It is said that many tourists take home clothing and dress goods, but we have not felt the temptation, doubting the economy of buying what one does not want simply because it is cheap in price, consequently our actual experience is limited to some little conveniences and mementos and to horse and boat hire. The livery service is fine and plenty of it, and one can have a comfortable carriage with a good coachman for four dollars a day. Prices, by the way, are not infrequently in dollars and cents, and American money readily passes at full value based upon the English penny instead of the pound, giving Bermuda an additional unique feature in being the one spot of foreign soil where American money commands a premium. I bought exchange in New York at $4.92 to the pound. Here they give me 20 shillings and ten pence for a five dollar bill. In other words, by exchange one gets 246 English pence for five dollars, and by using American money here he gets 250 English pence. This is subject to some variation. From 20 shillings and 10 pence to the five dollars in nearly all, the stores down to 20 shillings in some, and some make a difference between gold and notes—all preferring the notes. But at "the Tower," (the Bermuda Wanamakers) in the language of the genial proprietor, Mr. Nelmes, they "take anything they can get" and give top value for all. This indicates that the Americans have made an impression, and it is feared by some of the Bermudians that in time Bermuda will change In fact, they say that some things have changed, though they admit that the changes are few and small, and if a quarter of a century or more of intercourse has made so little change, one would think that it would be many, many more years before much change is brought about, for there are only about 1800 American visitors per annum, and the number, judging from the hotel register, does not seem to have increased much in the last ten years. Then, too, the one great factor of custom, ownership of land, is not possible for Americans No alien can hold land here, and I am told that the privilege of naturalization, which the colony formerly had, has been revoked by the Imperial Government.

Unique as Bermuda is in her location, her climate and some of her customs, she is in nothing more unique than in her business relations with the United States. Much of her mail communication with England is by way of New York, and via New York is the most direct and practically the only way that Bermudians can visit the mother country. It will be remembered that when the revision of the tariff was begun by our last Congress, the very first persons to appear before the Committee were two delegates from the Legislature of Bermuda to urge the removal of the tariff upon the products of the island. We all recollect the smile that broke over the Republican part of the country when these gentlemen frankly stated to our Democratic brethren that the Bermuda planters paid the duty and that was the reason they wanted it removed. I frankly confess that at the time I thought it an exhibition of "check" fully worthy of a typical Yankee. While my slight contact with English people has not, by any means, perverted me from the doctrine of a protective tariff, it must be confessed that the Bermudians have a strong case to present. They urge that their staple crops—potatoes and onions—being sent to us in March, do not compete with the same crops of our own production, and they point out the fact that the bulk of their money goes to New York. 1892 was Bermuda's best year for a long time. In that year her total exports, according to the "Bermuda Almanac," amounted in value to £115,455; of which £108,787 went to the United States and £6,668 to all the rest of the world; while her imports were £329,288, of which £202,866 were bought in the United States, and £126,417 came from all the rest of the world. These figures show that but for us her market would be very limited, and it may be a sound argument from a protective standpoint to say that she should pay for the privilege of dealing with her best customer, since if we did not take her goods she could not sell them at all. But who can blame her for trying to make the best bargain she can, or for rejoicing, as does a correspondent in the last "Colonist," that under the Wilson Bill her farmers will save in 1895 £10,000 in duties over 1894, and he naively adds "the larger part of this ten thousand pounds will find its way into our pockets." A most charmingly frank admission, that we Americans will not get any lower price on early potatoes and onions with the duty off than we did with it on. Bermuda sends to us potatoes and onions, a few beets and tomatoes, and some arrowroot and Easter lily bulbs. We send to her tourists, lumber, fertilizers, coal, horses and cattle, and all sorts of food supplies, with some fancy articles and silver-ware. Most of the latter, however, and all the dry goods comes from England. (Perhaps if she bought her clothing from us, we Republicans might be more willing to grant her free trade.) We used to send her ice, but an ice plant was established here a couple of years ago and we now send very little. The people did not seem to take to ice as a rule, and its use, I am told, is largely limited to the hotels to accommodate us Americans who are so fond of alternately freezing and boiling our stomachs.

I hope I have not embalmed much misinformation thus far. I soon discovered that it was well to ask the same question of several people and to strike an average from the replies, and in all cases involving figures to compare with official statistics. Occasionally I have found semi-official statements made in print denied by those who ought to know, and I have wondered whether from the standpoint of entertaining the reader it might not be better to sit down and lie as entertainingly as possible. However, it only illustrates the point that has been made before, that the "tales of travelors" are due to the "tales of natives." One intelligent gentleman told me that the custom was to plant potatoes whole. I have no doubt he was sincere, but I didn't feel quite like accepting the statement, so I asked a seedsman who told me that on the contrary they cut the seed potatoes just as we do.

As efforts of imagination the information derived from the negro element goes far ahead of Grimm or Hans Anderson. The other day we took the ferry to Salt Kettle, just across the bay, and on climbing the hill met a negro woman of whom I inquired how far in was to the South Shore. She replied that it was three or four miles—she "didn't rightly know, jess 'zacly." I knew from the map in my pocket that it could not exceed a mile and a half, and was probably not over a mile, so I asked, "Well, no matter just how far it is—how long will it take us to walk it?" The reply was that "The gentleman might walk it in two or three hours, but de lady couldn't walk it at all." We said good-bye and sauntered off along a pretty road varied by a short cut over a couple of hills by a sort of bridle-path, under the guidance of a youngster who understood that she would not earn the fee if she misguided, [illegible] day.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

Baptist Church Notes.

Revival meetings every evening next week.

The Pastor's Bible Class meets every Sunday afternoon in the Sunday School, commencing at 2 o'clock.

The Men's Meeting will be held on Sunday afternoon at 3.30. Special singing. All men cordially invited; meetings interesting.

In the evening the Pastor will preach on "Outward Appearances." A short revival meeting will be held after the regular evening service.

The Boys' Brigade will attend church in a body on Sunday morning and the pastor will preach a sermon to them on "What Boys can Do." Mr. and Mrs. Rook will sing "Have courage, my boy, to say No!"

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. J.

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

—Eating of the pudding must be the proof of the baking. According to the great number of tons of Coal sold by Walter F. Leedom this winter for five dollars per ton, it is evident that people appreciate a good article. Never annoy your housekeeper by giving her poor coal and then complain about fires going out.

—It seems hardly possible, but nevertheless it is true, that on an average every fifty-fifth person you meet wears W. L. Douglas Shoes. Did you ever realize what an immense undertaking it is to supply one article of wearing apparel to over one million people?

Best cash prices paid for Dressed Poultry, either Dry Picked or Scaled, delivered at Burlington Freight Depot, Tues., Wed. and Thurs. morning. Address,

HERBERT ZELEY, Burlington, N. J.
Box 46. Residence, 308 Wood St.

Tourist.—I am going to travel; have you a handy reference-book of any kind?

Dealer.—I should say yes; here is the latest Rand-McNally Railway Guide—precisely what you need. It is pre-eminently the best. (Sells one).

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 912 Walnut Street Philadelphia,

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 196,500 people to whom he has administered it.

Notice.

It will not be responsible for any debts except when contracted by myself from this date. GEO. J. OAKES,
Jan. 17, 1895. Bristol, Pa.

Meeting of Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the Burgess and Council was held on last Monday evening.

The Fire committee submitted a report in favor of having a fire alarm plant put in in Bristol. The report stated that private corporations and individuals had offered to purchase seven alarm boxes to be placed on the streets near their respective places of business, provided that the borough would purchase the necessary part of the plant to go in the fire-houses. This would consist of a tower striker on one of the large fire-bells, two indicators with gongs in the fire-houses, and an alarm gong at the water-works, with sufficient battery and wire to operate the system. The cost of this part of the plant is estimated at about $1,000. It was further stated in the report that the proposition of citizens to purchase the seven boxes was made in good faith, and if the borough did not accept it they would not be in a position in the future to renew the offer. The matter was referred to the Finance and Fire committees, to report at a special meeting to be held at their call.

The report of the Committee on Sanitation, Public Health and Poor reported the general health of the borough good, with no epidemics existing. The chief unsanitary condition of the borough lies in the gutter filth and the unhealthy products of sinks and cess-pools. The relief of the poor had been confined principally to furnishing fuel to some people who are ordinarily self-supporting, but who were caught unawares by the sudden change in the weather; the gathering of garbage had been faithfully performed, and no complaints had been received. On motion the report was received and ordered filed.

The annual report of the Board of Health of Bristol to the Council was presented. It is given in full in another column. On motion the report was received and the clerk instructed to spread it on the minutes.

Bills amounting in the aggregate to about $1000 were passed, and Council adjourned.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE OLD RELIABLE

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE

Has stood the Test of Time

MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We have a beautiful line of—

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks,

STERLING SILVER, SILVER-PLATED WARE, NOVELTIES, etc.

Our stock is larger and richer than ever. Glance in at our window as your pass by

A. E. BAYLIES,
JEWELER.
307 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

ECONOMICAL INK

Barbour's Tablet Ink possesses many advantages over the best liquid ink, and is sold at a lower price. Dissolve a tablet in water and you get a dead black, permanent ink, that flows freely, does not gum, leaves no sticky, mussy sediment in the ink well, does not corrode the pen. You make it as you want it. If you buy it and don't like it, send it back and we'll return your money.

For fifteen cents, we will send enough tablets to make half a pint of combined writing and copying ink.

For fifty cents, we will send enough tablets to make a gallon of the best "school" ink you ever saw. School ink won't copy.

65 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Andrews School Furnishing Company

THE SCHOOL and KINDERGARTEN

Will be Re-opened September 26, 1894.

A. N. IREDELL,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

Dr. C. E. King,
DENTIST,
202 Mill Street, Bristol,
(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
Office—Corner Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazette will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895.

WHEN TO KICK.

The Republican ward and borough conventions will be held to-morrow evening. Every Republican who has the welfare of the borough at heart should consider it his duty as well as his pleasure to be present at his ward convention and do his share towards making a ticket that will reflect honor upon the party and insure a triumphant election. If there are any objections to be made to persons who are named for office, the time and place is to-morrow evening at the convention, and not after the ticket is finally made. Citizens who will not attend the primaries have no just right to kick if there are names on the ticket that do not suit their individual preferences.

LIQUOR SELLING BY CLUBS.

Our Philadelphia letter this week treats of an aspect of the liquor question which may be new to some of our readers. It relates to the use of money in club elections for the purpose of making a club a medium of selling liquors for certain brewers and liquor dealers. The whole question of the sale of liquors by clubs is one that the legislature might examine into with profit. The conduct of saloons, especially in the large cities, has been greatly improved under the Brooks act, but there seems to be a loophole by which clubs are allowed to slip through without supervision, and evils like those referred to in the letter are becoming notorious.

KEEP IN THE HARNESS.

The inauguration of General Hastings as Governor was a joyful event for the Republicans of Pennsylvania, and not since the inauguration of Governor Hoyt has there been such a grand demonstration at Harrisburg. The many clubs in line were made up of good sturdy political workers who have by this time all returned to their homes and are pursuing their usual avocations. When they put aside their high hats, their canes, and badges and flags, it is to be hoped that they did not lay aside their political zeal. There is plenty of work for every Republican to do, and extraordinary efforts should be made to maintain, as much as possible the overwhelming majorities obtained at the November elections.

During all the local campaigns of 1895 let the Republicans be careful to make good nominations and then stand shoulder to shoulder in their support, keeping up all the organizations for effective work, so that the Presidential campaign of 1896 may be a grand triumph [illegible] which will effectually return to power the party which will uphold the [illegible] interests of all the people.

PEACEFUL PENNSYLVANIA.

The peaceful manner in which a Democratic Governor of this State surrendered his office to a Republican on Tuesday was in marked contrast to the troublesome times which sometimes mark such events in other States. The tranquility at Harrisburg was due to the fact that in this commonwealth there had been a fair ballot and an honest count. Arms and men were at the inauguration, not to defy the law, but to assure the new executive of their willingness to help him at all times in upholding the law.

Governor Hastings' administration starts under favorable auspices. The business and industrial outlook is bright, and with the return of prosperous times there ought not to be turmoil or strife between employer and employe. The riots at Homestead and the threatened troubles in the coal regions, probably caused Governor Pattison more annoyance than any other thing during his administration. Let us hope that the guardsmen of the State will not, during the next four years, have any more arduous duties to perform than those which they discharged last Tuesday.

THE WARD CONVENTIONS.

The nominating conventions to-morrow evening have an important duty to perform, involving the welfare and good condition of the borough. All that the people specially desire concerning this business is, that the right kind of candidates be selected. There are plenty of good Republicans to choose from who would properly attend to their duties if elected.

One of the fixed demands of all good citizens, one that right-minded Republicans always keep in view, is the judicious choice of public servants. They take pleasure in voting for worthy candidates, and they secretly if not openly protest against those who are unworthy, and they hate to be compelled to vote for them.

Give us men of the true stamp, men that nobody would be ashamed to vote for. Give us men that we can take pride in supporting, and who are sure to do their duty faithfully, regardless of fear or favor, with a single eye to the best interests as well as the reputation of the town.

The delegates should be wise enough and firm enough in the discharge of their trust to give little or no heed to those who make a noise for the sake of effect, who are usually swayed by partiality or controlled by prejudice. They are poor guides. Let fitness and intelligence play their part in the preliminary work, and the result will not give cause for regret, or bring ill repute to our fair town. Nominate men who are free from objections, such as every elector can willingly support at the polls.

The Latest From Tennessee.

Here are a few paragraphs from a recent issue of "The Humboldt (Tenn.) Leader."

Aunt Mollie Blue sent a fine basket of apples to "The Leader" office yesterday. Aunt Mollie is one of nature's noblemen, and her gentle kindness has done much to brighten our dusty path as we journey down the river of life.

Joe Brayton has named his new foxhound after us. The editor of "The Leader" feels highly complimented by this mark of friendship. Joe says he has the longest ears and the loudest mouth of any dog in the pack.

The grim reaper, with his deadly sickle visited our neighborhood last Thursday and rowed Uncle Abe Bruton across the dark river. He died of bowel consumption in the Christian faith.

In these glad Christmas times let us not forget to succor those who have been overtaken by the bitter pill of adversity.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, January 17, 1895.— The annual elections at the innumerable clubs in this city where liquors are sold draw attention to a defect in the Brooks law which the legislature ought to remedy. There are 1800 licensed saloons in this city, and many of these are backed either by brewers or by wholesale liquor houses. For the sake of controlling a saloon and making it the medium of retailing their wines and liquors, the brewers and wholesale houses will advance the money necessary to pay the license fee of $1,000. In addition to this, they often advance money to fit up saloons and pay for the costly fixtures, and they even went so far as to procure bonds for the saloon-keeper until the courts prohibited it. These facts are stated simply to show the expense and trouble that the brewers and wholesalers are willing to incur in order to procure trade.

* * *

This anxiety shows itself in the clubs. If a dealer can control the supply of liquors to a club it means a handsome profit to him during the course of a year, and he does not have to advance funds for a license or to pay for furniture and fixtures. The dealer is, therefore, free to expend money in another direction. The surest way for him to control the supply of a club is to have a man elected president who is friendly to the dealer. The purchases are made under the supervision of the president by the steward or chairman of the house committee, who will be guided by the president's wish. This condition has led to a new phase in club life, and it is an open secret that liquor dealers supply funds to further the interests of their respective candidates. They feel that they can well afford to supply $500 for this purpose when they have to incur no other expense.

* * *

The effect is degrading to the members, and the president, who makes himself a mere agent for a brewer and wholesale liquor dealer, is unscrupulous, and he subjects himself to all manner of charges. As the courts interpret the Brooks law, they do not prohibit the sale of liquors by clubs which apparently are not formed for that specific purpose. The Brooks act might be amended so as to regulate the sale of liquor by clubs. A license fee might have a beneficial effect and the conduct of the clubs would be subject to review by the court. The amendment might with propriety provide that no brewer, bottler or liquor dealer should supply funds to be used either to further the interests of or prevent the election of any candidate for office in a club where liquors are sold.

* * *

This is simply one phase of the club question, and if a committee of legislators were to investigate the subject it would no doubt find a number of other things which need to be regulated. The sale of liquor on Sunday in club-rooms being one of them. Any effort to control and regulate the club liquor traffic would probably meet with the hearty approval of the regular saloon-keepers, who necessarily lose business on account of the clubs.

F. D. M.

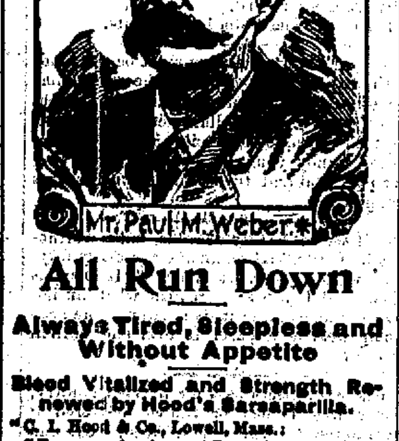
THE WAY IT IS DONE IN CAMDEN.

"One day last week," says a Camden, N. J., physician, "I was called upon to attend a baby who had some infantile complaint. The young parents were naturally alarmed about it, and insisted [illegible] twice a day. The child was in no danger, and when I received a summons to come a third time I was busy and postponed my visit for about an hour. When I arrived at the house I found an undertaker there, and the thought flashed over me that perhaps the child had grown worse and died during my absence. My fears proved groundless, however, and I found the little one doing very nicely. The undertaker lingered about for a while, and then left. While bending over the child's crib I noticed a piece of pasteboard stuck in the bed clothing, and, pulling it out, I found it was the undertaker's card. Just as I was leaving the house I met another man at the door, whom I recognized as a rival funeral director. A couple of blocks down the street I met still another undertaker, who seemed in a hurry, 'Hello!' I exclaimed: 'where are you going?' 'Just up to Mr. Soandso's,' he replied; 'I hear his baby isn't expected to live!'"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possible derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.



All Run Down

Always Tired, Sleepless and Without Appetite

Blood Vitalized and Strength Renewed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"For a couple of years, I was subject to feelings anything but good. I always felt tired, I could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not seem to benefit me any.

I Did Not Have Any Ambition

to go around or work and in fact was not able to do a good day's work. I happened to pick up a circular embracing advertisements and testimonials for Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after reading

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

them decided to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I have taken five bottles and must say that I have derived wonderful benefit from it and

Feel Like a New Man.

I would recommend it to all sufferers and would urge them not to hesitate but to decide at once to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." PAUL M. WEBER, 1142 North Tenth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

WATCH YOUR WEDDING PRESENTS.

If You Don't, an Honored Guest May Mysteriously Walk Off With Them.

Here is a story that illustrates two facts —first, the foolishness of persons making bogus wedding presents, or if not bogus presents, pretentious gifts, and, second, that no matter how carefully you may invite your guests to your marriage it is well to watch them, for people in good society will steal.

As far back as 1855, in a small Hudson river town, a young woman was married to her father's confidential clerk. In addition to winning his bride the young man secured a partnership in his father-in-law's concern, and on the day of the wedding there were displayed, as was the custom in those days, the presents. Among them was a check for $10,000 from the bride's father.

The couple lived happily together for nearly 30 years, when the husband died. At intervals the wife visited her old home, met and conversed with her old friends, reared her children in the fear of the Lord and was in every way a good member of society. A few years after the death of her husband, her father, then a venerable old man, died. When his estate was settled, the daughter and widow found herself charged in the will with $10,000, to be deducted from her portion of the estate.

"But," said she to the executors, "I never received this money, and it is not fair to deduct it from my portion of the estate. I don't care to contest the will, but I think there must be some mistake about it. I recollect the check among my wedding presents, but I never saw it afterward. I supposed my husband took it, and if he did it was all right, but I have no proof of it either way."

The executors were in a quandary, and in some way the news of the missing check became known in the village. Then a surprising thing happened. One of the most respectable citizens of the town, a prominent member of the church, came forward, and after a good deal of hesitation drew from his pocket a faded slip of paper.

"See what my wife found in an old suit of clothes," said he. "I—I—I—don't know how it came there, but I thought it might be of some service to you."

It was the $10,000 check. Whether in jest or with the intention of stealing it, the respectable citizen had put it in his pocket. Having it once in his possession, he found it an awkward instrument. He was equally afraid to use it or mention the fact of his having it until 30 years later when the discussion regarding the will made it possible.—New York Herald.

Cold Stones From the Sky.

The prodigious speed with which aerolites are traveling at the time when they come in contact with that portion of our atmosphere heavy enough to give friction to the flying body is beyond human comprehension and the power of the mathematician to calculate. It only takes them a few seconds to pass through the thicker portion (say, the last 50 miles) of the air stratum which surrounds our globe, but even that short space of time is sufficient in most instances to fuse the surface of the stone and leave well defined waves of the melted mineral distributed over the aerolite, besides many pits and holes where softer constituents have burned out entirely or been torn away by the resisting medium.

There are instances on record, however, which appear to set all laws of the effect of resistance and friction at defiance—cases where the stone seems to have instantly passed from the cold outer regions of space to the warm surface of this earth. This was the case with the celebrated "cold aerolite" which fell at Dhrumsala, India, July 14, 1860, which had a temperature lower than any known degree of artificial cold, and which was three or four days warming up sufficient to admit of being touched with bare hands. Another of this class is reported by a priest as having fallen in Mexico in 1509, and a third, of the same cold variety, fell at Ulgald, Sweden, in 1869.—St. Louis Republic.

As James Russell Lowell was leaving his house one morning his wife said to him: "Now, James, I beg of you not to bring any one home to dinner today. We are too much distracted with housecleaning to cook, and the prospect is that there will be little for us to eat."

Mr. Lowell promised to heed her request, but he met during the day the oldest son of an English family with whom he had been on terms of friendship while minister to the court of St. James. He now forgot his wife's admonition and insisted upon the young Englishman going home with him to dinner. The meal consisted of "picked fish" and potatoes. The guest was evidently puzzled. He had never eaten "picked fish" before. Mrs. Lowell meantime was haunted by thoughts of the apple pie that was to finish the repast. Her sensations may be imagined when the Englishman, after playing daintily with the contents of his plate, remarked in the most courteous manner, "I know that Mrs. Lowell will pardon me if I omit the fish course."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Minute Description In Old Deeds.

Those who read old deeds are impressed with the habit our ancestors had of describing a man not only by his name and residence, as we moderns do, but by his trade, calling or profession. Go back in any of the Maine records 60 years or more, and we find these things stated with great particularity. So far as men owned real estate under recorded deed prior to 1830 or thereabout, the historian does not lack for information about the business they were engaged in. Often when a party to a deed had more than one kind of business the painstaking scrivener wrote them all in, as if the identity of the person would be doubtful without such description. Almost any man can learn curious facts regarding his ancestors and family connections by following back the old land titles in the registries.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

SLAVE GIRLS IN KOREA.

Their Sale a Considerable Source of Revenue to the Royal Treasury.

There are slave girls innumerable around the royal palaces of the Hermit Kingdom of Korea. It is difficult to find out how many there are. One official will say hundreds, another thousands. A consul who has had opportunity to learn the facts in the case says there are about 1,500.

It is equally difficult to learn where they come from. Their appearance shows that they are not from any one stock. Some are Koreans, and some are Tonghaks from Guing-Shang-do, in the south of the kingdom; some show Japanese blood, others Chinese and still others Mantchurian. They are of all sorts and types. All speak Korean, and nearly all have a smattering of Chinese. They are all well brought up and quiet, polite and industrious. They begin their career as domestic servants when mere children and are seldom found in the royal establishment after they are 25 years old. A few who are unusually good looking become royal concubines, and a large number are taken for the same purpose by the princes and lords of the realm, and it is said for a very large price. The rest are sold as commodities to the highest bidder and the proceeds paid into the royal treasury.

The latest available blue book of Korea —1884—in summarizing the royal income, includes these entries: "9,917 stone of best rice; 41,484 stone of beans; 172,713 nyang in money; 24,000 nyang from sale of slave girls."

A nyang is a string of 100 copper coins whose value in American money ranges from 500 to 2,000 to the dollar. The market value of a girl in Korea varies from $10 to $40. Upon these figures the monarch must raise and sell in the public market every year from 80 to 480 young women.

This trade in human beings is considered perfectly legitimate and has come down from time immemorial. It is not confined to the royal palace, but is practiced to a certain extent all over Korea. The custom is followed likewise in China and seems to characterize nearly every Mongolian race.—Philadelphia Press.

IS MAN A LOPSIDED ANIMAL?

The Subject Discussed From a Variety of Interesting Standpoints.

Man at best is an ungainly animal. His head is an irregular spheroid; his eyes are not alike or of equal efficiency; one shoulder is higher than its neighbor; one hand and one foot are larger than their corresponding organ. Despite the fact that the shape, size and color of the ear differ more widely in individuals than any other organ of the human body, they are probably more alike on the same head than any other of the twin organs. If one ear is delicate in shade, the other will be the same; if one looks like a dried fig or a conchshell, the other is likewise so. With the eyes, however, matters are different. One eye is nearly always more open than its friend over the bridge, while in many cases people, while apparently looking with both eyes, only use one, and makers of firearms, in making guns to order, carefully allow for the right or left sightedness of the sportsman for whom they cater. Broadly speaking, women are more often left sighted than men, and when they do happen to be right sighted they are so in less degree than the sterner sex.

The reason why the left shoulder is frequently farther from Mother Earth than the right lies in the fact that while writing most men rest the left elbow on the table, while in the case of porters loads are carried on the right shoulder. With an ablebodied man there is very little difference in the length of the limbs, but the hands and feet are usually widely different in the matter of size. The right hand is the bigger, while, curiously enough, the left foot covers the greater amount of ground.

Ladies have a certain unreasoning sense of satisfaction when they say that they wear fives in gloves, because, if this is a fact, then the human hand has grown smaller within the last 20 or 30 years, which state of affairs, however, may be questioned when the glovemakers tell their story. Gloves are all marked half a size smaller than they really ought to be, which is the fatal result of the habit in which ladies indulge of almost invariably asking for gloves a size smaller than they can comfortably wear.

The left leg is better developed than the other male carrier on account of the fact that we stand habitually on the left foot and mount a bicycle or horse and kick a man while balancing on the left leg. Most men jump chiefly off the left leg.

Lateral curvature of the spine occurs more frequently to the left than to the right, indicating that the body in sitting is thrown more to the left than to right. This leads to the remark that nothing is more injurious, for the young especially, than to sit for any length of time in one position.—Albany Times-Union.

Four Great Men.

The manager of a French press clipping agency, who deals in newspapers of the entire world, made a calculation as to who is oftenest mentioned as a public character. Napoleon I stands first. Then comes the emperor of Germany, then Prince Bismarck, and in the fourth place, Mr. Gladstone.

On the skeleton of a lady who died at Pompeii were found two golden bracelets, six of silver, four golden anklets, four earrings, thirty finger rings, a golden collar, a golden belt and a golden band on her head, while by her hand lay a purse containing 197 silver coins.

The New Year

Finds Hood's Sarsaparilla leading everything in the way of medicines in three important particulars, namely: Hood's Sarsaparilla has

1. The largest sale in the world. It accomplishes
2. The greatest cures in the world. It has
3. The largest Laboratory in the world.

What more can be said? Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit; is peculiar to itself, and most of all, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. If you are sick, it is the medicine for you to take.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, January 14, 1895.

Dress Silks

The Winter visit of the chief of the Silk stock to the centres of Silk manufacture in Europe has already produced the ideal collection of Dress Silks for Winter and Spring uses.

Many times every day fresh arrivals. Evening Silks for brides, bridesmaids, maids of honor, for every use required by social occasions are here in unlimited variety. All the new weaves in Black Silks, the new printings in India Silks and a variety of sharp bargains in Fancy Silks, witness to the enterprise of our Silk store.

The conveniences for buying are perfect. The stock is without peer, rival, or competitor because it is unmatched and unapproached in quantity, novelty, completeness, elegance and cheapness.

Any buyer of Dress Silks at retail who neglects this stock buys ignorantly.

Velutina, 85c and $1

Two widths; two weights. More than 100 colors. 85c and $1 the yard.

Nearest to sure-enough Silk in looks, in wear, in worth of any similar goods we know. Close pile, light weight, perfect coloring.

$2 Cravenette at $1.25

Shower proof. Finest English. An importer's all. Beautiful lustre, fine twill and a lovely weight for women's dresses. Grade that we have been steadily selling at $2. But we make the price $1.25 the yard.

Registered trade-mark of the Cravenette Company is stamped on each two yards—wrong side.

Navy blue and black. Width 60 inches—5 yards ($6.25) ample for a dress.

Mackintoshes

There has been asking and asking for double texture Mackintoshes for girls of 8 to 16 years, We made the makers hear it and they have sent us a full range of these girl sizes made in every respect as well and of as good material as the choicest qualities for women. $4.50 each.

Women's Macintoshes, double texture, $5, $6.50 and upward.

Single texture Mackintoshes for girls, $1.75 and upward; for women, $2.25 and upward.

Umbrellas

He closed them out to us, the maker did, as if rainy days were done with. Rarely good Umbrellas. Some with exquisite Dresden and metal-trimmed handles that alone cost more than we say for the perfect Umbrellas.

Womens' Silk Umbrellas.

Trimmed stick, with gold and silver handles, $2.50; worth $3.75 to $4.50.
Handles of Dresden, Ivory and Horn; $3; values up to $5.
Handles of Dresden, Crystal, Horn, Japanese, Ivory, some silver trimmed, $4; values up to $8.
Very fine collection of handsome handled Umbrellas, $5; values up to $9.

Men's Umbrellas.

All-silk, silver and gold trimmed, and silver handles, $3.50; values up to $6.
All-silk horn and ivory trimmed handles, $5; values up to $9.
All-Silk, ivory trimmed and buck horn handles, $6.50; values up to $18.50.

Book News for January

Has a plate-paper portrait of Professor Von Helmholtz, the world-famous physiologist and physicist—made from the last photograph he ever sat for.

All the usual features beside. Book News readers are never left to guess what the literary world is doing. 5c, 50c a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Have You Read The Philadelphia TIMES This Morning?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper. Specimen copies of any edition will be sent free to any one sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3.00 per annum; $1.00 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week. SUNDAY EDITION, twenty-four large, handsome pages—168 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2.00 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5.00 per annum; 50 cents per month.

WEEKLY EDITION, 50 cents a year.

Address all letters to

THE TIMES,
PHILADELPHIA.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol, Pa., Jan. 8th, 1894.

AT AN ELECTION HELD THIS DAY THE following Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:

EDWARD THOMAS, LOUIS A. HOGUET,
ELWOOD BURTON, J. P. AGNEW, M.D.,
JOHN BURTON, BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
GEORGE A. SHOEMAKER, HARVEY H. GILLAM,
EDWARD SWAIN.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR was unanimously re-elected President.

1-10-4t CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Auditor's Notice.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Estate of David P. Everitt.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks county to distribute the balance of $2273.62 remaining in the hands of Jesse C. Everitt, administrator of David P. Everitt, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will meet all persons interested at his office in the Borough of Bristol on Monday, January 28th, 1895, at ten o'clock, A. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Auditor.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 19th day January A. D, 1895 by William G. Howell, Walter M. Howell, William Griffith, B. N. Phillips and William D. Sinclair, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the 29th day of April 1874 and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Provident Cannel Coal Company the character and object of which is the mining of Coal the manufacture thereof into its products and selling, shipping and conveying the same to markets and for these purposes, or any or all of them, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and all Acts supplemental thereto, or amendatory thereof.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Solicitors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, October 2d, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$498,884 55
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		6,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		787 50
Stocks, securities, etc		55,588 53
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		2,367 79
Due from approved reserve agents		33,338 09
Checks and other cash items		2,144 86
Notes of other National Banks		294 00
Nickels and cents		98 04
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank viz:		
Specie	$36,240 00	
Legal tender notes	28,760 00	65,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		1,800 00
TOTAL		$715,803 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$92,220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	15,776 56
National Bank notes outstanding	31,680 00
Due to other National Banks	6,362 24
Due to State Bank and bankers	478 90
Dividends unpaid	250 80
Individual deposits subject to check	449,034 86
TOTAL	$715,803 36

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss.

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 5th day of October, 1894.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET, } Directors
EDWARD SWAIN,

Miscellaneous

HOLIDAY INFLUENCES

Have touched every stock in the store.

Nothing Lagging.
Nothing Limping.

Articles for
Xmas Presents.

GLANCE DOWN THE LIST.

Carpets,
Lace Curtains,
Rugs,
Carpet Sweepers,
Portieres,
Ladies' Coats,
Table Covers,
Blankets.
Dress Patterns,
Initial Handkerchiefs,
Embroidery Handkerchiefs,
Metal Pin Trays.
Cracker Jars,
Decorated Plates,
Japanese Goods,
Head Rests,
Sofa Cushions,
Pocketbooks,
Napkins,
Towels,
Table Linen,
Lunch Cloths,
Toilet Sets,
Shaving Sets,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Kid Gloves,
Silk Garters,
Perfumes and Extracts,
Metal Novelties,
Tidies and Scarfs,
Umbrellas and Canes,
Ladies' and Gents' Overgaiters,
Leather Leggings.

J. Wesley Wright,
Next to Canal Bridge,
Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
Until Christmas will keep open to 10 P. M.

Columbia Bicycle
Agent also for
Derby, Hartford, Crescent
And other leading makes.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND WHEELS on hand at Lowest Prices.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

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Send a cabinet or card picture and I will make you one dozen small photographs, handsomely finished, for 25 cents, and return your photograph.

H. VANTINE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Morrisville, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK by America's Greatest Humorist,
Mark Twain.
Every one of his previous books have had immense sales. His new book, surpasses anything he has heretofore written. Two stories in one volume. A Tragedy and a Comedy. A great chance for agents. We give exclusive territory. For terms and full particulars address,
J. W. KEELER & Co., 626 Arch St., Phila.

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New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2-cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 36 pages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

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The ADVERTISERS have no superior.

Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.
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29 Park Row, New York.

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Dance Orders
Envelopes
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Hand Bills
Illustrated Circulars
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Komic Kuts
Lodge Printing
Manilla Tags
Noteheads
Our Prices Low
Pamphlets
Quick Work
Rosters
Society Printing
Tickets and Tags
Unexcelled Work
Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations
Xpress Prepaid
You will find us
Zealous to please.

—Call at—
THE GAZETTE OFFICE,
Radcliffe and Walnut Streets,
Bristol, Penn'a.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Where to Attend School

We impart a thorough knowledge of the COMMERCIAL STUDIES at the cost of less time and money than other schools. THOUSANDS owe their success in life (so they say) to the training they received here. We made BREAD-WINNERS of them. We want you to know us; write and we will tell you all about this LIVE SCHOOL. N. B. We assist graduates to positions. PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE, 1708-1710 Chestnut St., PHILA.

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CANNED GOODS
Sole Agents for THE FAVORITE Brand Tomatoes, June Peas, Corn, String Beans' Lima Beans.
Largest Stock of Reliable Groceries at Lowest Cash Prices.
R. A. THOMPSON & SONS, BRISTOL, PA.

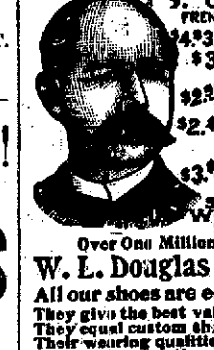
Dr. C. H. DILTS,
—DENTIST,—
Has removed to—
221 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.
Will be at his former office
326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

THIS CROSS

Is the exact reproduction of one set up nearly a half century ago by the JESUIT Missionaries to the FLATHEAD INDIANS in Montana. It is upright in the ground in front of an old church in which these Indians have knelt and worshiped for Lo, all these years.

The history of this old Indian Mission of ST. IGNATIUS is very interesting. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific R. R., at St. Paul, Minn., six cents in postage and your address and he will send you a beautiful booklet, with colored illustrations, telling all about this and other old Indian Missions in Montana and Idaho.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES' $3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by dealers everywhere. Wanted, agent to take exclusive sale for this vicinity. Write at once.

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36 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA
Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.
Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres. Band of North America
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PAPER HANGER,
Dealer in Wall Papers,
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Plants in Bloom.
Geraniums, ... 10c each
Hyacinths, ... 15c each
Heliothrope, ... 15c each
Carnations, . . . 20 to 35c each
Rose Bushes, ... 25c each
Palms and Rubber Plants, 75c and up
CUT FLOWERS.
Single and Double Violets. Carnations, Hyacinths and Roses in Varieties.
Designs of Immortells for the cemetery, Mistleto, Holly and Laurel Wreathing and Crosses, etc., etc.
Churches will receive a special discount. Large stock of Xmas trees, all sizes. Fern dishes filled. Beautiful Jardineirs and Plants for same. My show of Roses and Carnations is well worth seeing.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET.
Above Walnut

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED [illegible]

Miscellane us

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The Representative Business School of America for Both Sexes.
Second, Third and Fourth Floors of THE RECORD BUILDING, 917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Thirty Years Under One Management.
Thomas May Peirce, A. M., Ph. D.,
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DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.
This is a High Grade School, which couples a good English education with a systematic business training. Ex-President Harrison says of it: "It has an eminently practical curriculum."
A complete all-round equipment for business life. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Correspondence, Customs, Commercial Law, Banking, etc.
Graduates are Successfully .....Assisted to Positions.
Peirce School is headquarters for the Mercantile Community and is called upon when young men and women are needed for counting room or office.
The Fall and Winter Term will begin on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1894.
Entrance examinations held daily throughout the year. Enrollment blanks on application.
Call or send for descriptive printed matter concerning the School.

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is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.
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WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895.

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

LOVE HAS WAYS WHICH MONSIEUR THE BARBER UNDERSTANDS.

He Was Pleased and Yet Saddened That His Customer Possessed the Grand Passion—How Marriage Affects the Beards of Nearly All Men.

"Bon jour, M. Taylor!"

The person thus saluted by the learned barber was a tall, athletic young man with blond hair and a pointed blond beard. He was dressed with exquisite care, even to the size of the bunch of white carnations in his buttonhole. His gloves were brand new, the crease in his trousers was almost obtrusive, and his patent leathers shone spotless, although Broadway was muddy. He returned monsieur's salutation, but seemed preoccupied as he removed his coat and seated himself in monsieur's chair.

It was 4 in the afternoon, and the atelier was deserted save for the young man and the learned barber, the assistants having stepped out for a time. Monsieur looked strangely at his customer, his expression containing a mixture of amusement and sadness, but Mr. Taylor did not notice this, being buried in his own thoughts. Monsieur clicked his shears in a way that indicated that he, too, was thinking deeply. Finally he said:

"M. Taylor, let me congratulate you."

Mr. Taylor bounced up in his chair as though he had been struck, and his face flushed.

"Wh-what's that?" he stammered.

"Pardon my familiarity, M. Taylor," said the barber, with a smile that had a trace of mockery in it, "but you know we are old friends. I merely extended to you my congratulations."

"Oh," said Mr. Taylor, whose wits were not fully re-established, "I—I am much obliged to you, I am sure, but what do you—I mean how—oh, hang it all, Henri, what are you talking about anyhow?"

"I congratulate you, M. Taylor," said the barber, speaking slowly and accompanying his words with clicks of his shears, "at your possession of the grand passion. I am sure she is worthy of it, and I am equally sure that you will be successful. Mon Dieu, it would be a capricious lady indeed that would refuse the suit of a handsome young man like you, and with such a beard too."

"Say, Henri," interrupted Mr. Taylor, sitting bolt upright, and not certain whether to be angry or not, "stop that nonsense, will you?"

"Pardon me, M. Taylor," said the barber gravely and with dignity. "I regret if I have been misunderstood."

"Oh, hang it, old man," replied Mr Taylor, "don't get huffy. I don't like to jest about"—

"Monsieur, I never jest on sacred subjects."

There was a concealed twinkle in his eyes that almost belied the assertion, but Mr. Taylor did not see it, and monsieur added:

"I assure you, monsieur, I was most sincere in wishing you success."

There was silence for some moments, and it was evident from the working of Mr. Taylor's face that he was doing some rapid thinking.

"I say, Henri," he said in a subdued voice, "how did you know it?"

"Ah, M. Taylor, I am a student of human nature."

"Oh, come now, tell me the truth. Did you see me with her? Isn't she an angel?"

"Undoubtedly, M. Taylor, she is that, although I never saw her."

"Well, how in the dickens did you know, then? Nobody knows yet."

M. le barbier laughed heartily.

"M. Taylor," he said, "let me ask you a question. How many times have you had your beard trimmed in the past month?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mr. Taylor. "Not much oftener than usual, have I?"

"You are forgetful," returned the barber. "I will tell you. You have been here five times a week, and sometimes twice in the same day. Formerly you came once a week. Can anything be plainer?"

"By Jove, I never thought of that!"

"And now, M. Taylor, I will make a prediction. When does the happy event occur?"

"Early in February. The date has not been fixed yet."

"Very well. Now, mark you. You will continue to come here almost every day until then. You will insist that every hair shall be in its proper place and proportion, and that the mustache shall have its most graceful curl. And after you are married you will go on your honeymoon looking like an Apollo, and then you will forget that by years of effort and thought I have furnished you with a beard that is a triumph of art, an inspiration to the lover of the beautiful. When you return, you will come to see me again, at first once in a week, then once in two weeks, and after that it will be more likely once in a month or thereabouts, or possibly you will forget what you owe to me and go to one of those German barbers."

Monsieur had become very earnest and almost sad, and when Mr. Taylor remonstrated that he was mistaken he barely heeded him, but added:

"And, therefore, M. Taylor, I must tell you frankly that I view your approaching happiness with a mingling of pleasure and regret. Would it not be so with you if you had toiled and striven and seen your work grow more and more beautiful under your eyes and then suddenly, without fault of your own, had seen all that you had accomplished destroyed through the sheer indifference of another? Of course natures differ. All the world has not my artistic instinct. Do not think I am ungallant, monsieur, but I cannot help thinking that woman, beautiful and tender as she is, often brings man's best efforts to naught. With a lovely woman in possession of your heart and mind, monsieur, it will be impossible for you to remember me, your old friend. But I am accustomed to ingratitude, and"—

The rest of monsieur's reflections were lost in the rapid clicking of his shears.—New York Sun.

Stamped.

"Grandpapa," asked his inquisitive grandson, "do hens make their own eggs?"

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "indeed they do, Johnnie."

"And do they always put the yolk in the middle?"

"They do indeed, Johnnie."

"And do they put the white around it to keep the yellow from rubbing off."

"Quite likely, my inquisitive little boy."

"And then, grandpapa, who sews the cover on?"

This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnnie's mouth with a lollipop.—Exchange.

The Master Passion Strong O'er Death.

An actor who plays juvenile roles met a leading man on Broadway. The leading man was dressed in deep black. There was a wide band of crape on his hat, and he had discarded the patent leather shoes an actor loves for shoes with a subdued polish that spoke of grief.

"What is the matter?" asked the juvenile.

"My father is dead," answered the leading man in heartbroken voice.

The juvenile expressed his sympathy.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"Last week. We buried him today—a nice funeral," answered the heartbroken voice.

"Large attendance?" asked the juvenile.

A smile of enthusiastic delight flashed over the mourner's face.

"Large attendance!" he cried. "My boy, we turned them away."—Washington Post.

EATING IN HUNGARY.

The Fare Is Far From Simple and Requires Strong Digestion.

A great deal might be written on the subject of Hungarian meals, which are peculiar and boldly violate every law of dietetics. A good course of them would be an excellent cure for hypochondriacs. Superabundance and richness are the main features. Nothing whatever is plain or what the doctors call wholesome. Breakfast is the simplest meal. It usually consists of coffee, always admirably made, and little fancy rolls or cakes. Butter is rarely eaten, no doubt because so much of it enters into the composition of other things.

I have seen a solid breakfast after the English fashion, consisting of a hot dish and two or three cold meats, washed down with several glasses of an excellent homemade spirit brewed from walnuts, but that is exceptional. Hungarian ladies, by the way, are most accomplished housewives, and past mistresses in the art of making conserves, sweets, spirits and appetizing delicacies of every kind. They seem to have an infinite variety of dishes at their command, and if any of our gastronomic journalists are hard up for novelty, as they surely must be by this time, I recommend them to turn their attention to the Hungarian kitchen.

The chief meal of the day is 1 o'clock dinner, which begins with soup and works through three or four courses of fish and meat, followed by sweets and so on. Supper at 8 o'clock is like dinner, only less so. The soup occasionally reminds you of Russia, and the favorite dish, the fogas from Lake Balaton, is the same as the Volga sterlet, but otherwise the cookery is entirely peculiar to the country. It is not greasy, but rich and savory in the highest degree. Plain joints are utterly eschewed, and nothing is carved. Most of every kind, including game and other birds, is served up in the form of made dishes, with a thousand kinds of piquant sauce, in which paprika, the beloved red pepper made from capsicums, plays a great part. It is all exceedingly good—indeed a great deal too good. Once accustomed to it, I think one would starve for lack of it in any other country, and that is perhaps why Hungarians lose their blithe demeanor away from home. In order to prevent disappointment, however, I ought to say that the native dishes they give you in hotels and restaurants are a mere travesty of the real thing. For that you must ask a Hungarian lady in her own home.

Not content with the audacious quality and quantity of their food, Hungarians still further defy the "ministry of the interior" by eating with incredible rapidity, and this habit is universal. Everything disappears in the turn of a hand, and a meal which would last 1½ hours in England hardly takes a third of the time with them. Yet they are not a bit dyspeptic. Far from it. They bear the signs of a digestive apparatus at peace with all the world, and in particular the prevalence of sound teeth among them is most striking. What is the secret? Is it the exhilarating air of the great plain, which is quite equal, by the way, to the seaside or the mountain, though no doctor seems to think of it? Is it the bounteous sunlight or the active life? I prefer to attribute my own escape from the penalties of overeating to one of their graceful customs, which consists in shaking hands after a meal and wishing you "good health." The smile with which your hostess accompanies the words is a true carminative—that is to say, it "acts like a charm."

This custom reminds me of another of a like character which constantly enlivens the dinner table—the drinking of healths and clinking of glasses. There is a special way of doing it, and the ladies, especially the young ladies, insist on its proper performance. Instead of being gingerly clinked, the glasses are brought smartly together with a good upward swing, and at the moment of contact you must look full into the lady's eyes. It is a most dangerous maneuver, as you will see if you try it, but everything about the Hungarian ladies is dangerous. That is a theme I dare not enter on and will only say that the center and secret of all the fascinations which Hungary exercises alike over her own sons and those of other lands lie in her charming and vivacious daughters.—St. James Gazette.

Morals and Pierre Loti.

Pierre Loti has been described by a very eminent critic, Mr. Henry James, as one of those writers who, possessing an exquisite faculty for the perception of the visible, are condemned to pay for that rare privilege by a certain absence of perception for the moral. Audacious as it seems to question the judgment of one who himself possesses so fine an insight into the obscurer things of the human spirit, one cannot help saying that on this point the American writer displays an almost too great austerity of judgment, a shade perhaps too much of the temperament of New England. Moral Pierre Loti certainly is not, in the Puritan or even in the Catholic acceptation of the term, but there is hardly a reason for talking of him as though he were another Theophile Gautier, an artist solely preoccupied with the colored surfaces of things.

Delightful as are his descriptions of the look of things, Pierre Loti's simplicity is certainly a great deal subtler than that. He appeals very keenly to a certain kind of spiritual interest—to the interest one might venture to call human as distinguished from the moral. And it is just where the human needs to be distinguished from—one does not necessarily mean opposed to—the moral that criticism has need of its most delicate tact. It is also unhappily the point where critics mostly think it right to run headlong, and of all the qualities of the stern goddess seem most disposed to imitate her blindness. Of course the impression Pierre Loti leaves on one is singularly apart from the moral conceptions of the good citizen. For a fin de siecle writer he has curiously little to do with either cynicism or sociology.—Westminster Review.

An Explanation.

The Boston Transcript tells a story of a large mission school for negroes in Georgia. Every day some laughable incident takes place, particularly in the primary room. One which occurred recently must be related. The teacher is a bright, wide awake, down east Yankee girl. She had a class of a dozen or more little black skinned urchins out on the floor, whom for several days she had been teaching the words "dog" and "cat." She had written the words on the board, and had used them in connection with the picture of a house, and had had the children write the words and draw houses. This day, to vary the exercise, she drew the picture of a tree. In the top of the tree she placed the cat, and at the foot the dog. Then at the bottom she wrote, "The dog has run the cat up a tree." "Now," she said, "can any one tell me any word that they know here?" Up went a little black hand, shaking with excitement, in the air. "Well, Sidney," said the teacher, "you may tell me." At the top of his voice the little fellow shouted out, "The dog's done treed a possum!"

Gum Chewing.

The visible working of the jaws in chewing gum is not a pleasant sight, and that it exasperates sensitive people beyond measure is not unnatural. A Buffalo coachman lost a good position the other day because he would persist in chewing gum on the box while driving. The severest criticism leveled at certain regiments of the Massachusetts national guard at a recent inspection was that many privates and some officers chewed gum on parade. The only persons who really ought to be allowed to chew gum are policemen, on night service only, and members of football teams in actual conflict.—Buffalo Commercial.

Before and After.

An experienced matron says: "A man will eat soggy biscuit twice a week without complaint when his best girl invites him out to tea. But after the girl becomes his wife, if there is the faintest indication of a touch of saleratus in them, the neighbors will think there is a district school out for a recess by the racket he makes."—New York Ledger.

JUST SHORT OF SUCCESS.

A Lazy Inventor's Experiment With a Wonderful Alligator Engine.

"My boy once had a pet alligator that was pretty fierce," observed Meekin, the lazy inventor. "When he teased this young saurian, the beast would swipe out with its powerful tail in an amazing fashion, without doing itself or anybody else any good. It occurred to me that here was a splendid example of wasted energy, and I set out to devise a means of conserving it and turning it to some useful purpose.

"I spent a winter in Florida, and after I had experimented with some of the small 'gators that are supplied to tourists for a consideration I ordered some big fellows. After some little trouble I secured ten 'gators, each about four feet in length and of about ten horsepower tail capacity. My scheme for utilizing their tail power was this: The 'gators were placed side by side in stalls which left their tails free to wag. I had upright beams set like pendulums, the swinging ends of the beams coming close enough to the 'gators' tails to be in a good position for action. Then I built a tank over the stalls and filled it with thundering big cannon balls. There was an inclined chute running from the tank to a power wheel made with hollow places in the rim, something like a water wheel. In the chute I had a valve to regulate the flow of cannon balls. Half the 'gators used to work the cannon ball part of the machine and the other half to run a conveyor contrivance to lift the balls back into the tank after they had done their work in turning the wheel. I connected a small dynamo by a belt to a pulley wheel on the power wheel shaft. My main circuit ran from the dynamo to a bank of incandescent lamps which were to be used in the test.

"When everything was ready, the wheels oiled up, main switch closed and the 'gators pretty mad, I hired four little colored boys to go in front of the stalls and crack the 'gators on the head with short clubs. This made 'em awful mad, and so they struck out with their tails. Then the old shebang commenced to run. A little coon would hit a 'gator on the head, he'd let out with his tail, strike a beam, open the valve, let out a cannon ball, which rolled down the chute and onto the wheel, turning it around. Then the ball rolled back to the conveyor and was hoisted up by one of the other 'gators. She was humming beautifully, but I had forgotten one thing—that was a governor. The little coons liked their work and lambasted the 'gators unmercifully. I stopped 'em, but the wild animals were beyond control. They lashed around until the speed got so high that the armature of the dynamo burned out with a flash. The 'gators running the conveyor got into a race with the other fellows and hoisted up cannon balls so fast that the tank got overweighted and broke down. The cannon balls fell on the 'gators' heads and killed every one of 'em. Fact, I assure you."—Electrical Review.

SCIENCE STARTLES US.

How Hypnotism Is Made to Help the Deaf and Dumb.

It was from the great New York Institution For the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb that the world first learned how an individual born deaf and consequently dumb could be taught to hear and speak, and now comes another discovery promising to be the greatest of all.

Professor Currier openly asserts over his own signature that he is willing that hypnotism shall be given a full opportunity to demonstrate what can be done through its agency toward the relief of the mute. He declares it to be his belief that wonders of which the most enthusiastic investigator has hardly dared to dream may be accomplished through the use of hypnotism, and, bold and progressive student as he is, is willing to afford every facility for a skilled operator to experiment on the line suggested.

Professor Currier almost took my breath away, says a writer in the Boston Herald, when, as I sat in his study at the institute looking out upon the Hudson, he announced it to be his belief that through the agencies of hypnotism a man who has been deaf from the day of his birth may be made to hear distinctly.

"The prophet of the Israelites spoke truly," said Professor Currier, "when he predicted thousands of years ago the coming of the day when the eyes of the blind shall be opened, the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, the tongue of the dumb shall be unloosed and the lame be made to run and leap as an hart. My friend, this day is at hand. It is already here. Gradually a force in nature—a force first mocked and ridiculed, next wondered at, now studied and made useful—has been accepted by science. And now is heralded the news that through hypnotism the latent senses are to be made healthy and vigorous, and the nerves which from birth our ignorance has hitherto allowed to slumber in him who, through some defect in nature's processes, has been unable to operate them, are to be made to convey messages of the mind as electric wires convey messages."

Sympathetic Painter.

The language of hints is Greek to children, as a rule, and they interpret it after a simple fashion of their own.

"Where have you been all the morning, Dick?" inquired Mrs. Sampson of her 10-year-old son.

"I've been down by the old sawmill watching a man paint a picture," replied Dick, whose chubby countenance was decorated with paint of various colors.

"I am afraid you must have bothered him," said Mrs. Sampson as she began to scrub her son's besmirched features.

"No'm, I didn't bother him a bit," said Dick in a moment's intermission between the applications of soap and water. "He was interested in me. I could tell by the way he talked."

"What did he say?" inquired Mrs. Sampson.

"He looked at his watch," replied Dick, "and told me he knew it was most my dinner time. He knew a boy of my age must be hungry, he said, for he'd been a boy himself."—Youth's Companion.

Offenbach and Beethoven.

When Offenbach was at Ems at the flood tide of his popularity, he was presented to old Emperor William. "I know you are a foreigner by naturalization," said the kaiser, "but Germany is proud of you nevertheless, for, if I am not mistaken, you were born in Bonn."

"No, sire," was Offenbach's answer, "I am from Cologne. The other man was born in Bonn." The "other man" was Beethoven.

Why Some Men Don't Get Insurance.

Men who make application for insurance in considerable amounts, say for upward of $10,000, are not only very carefully examined by physicians appointed by the insurance companies, but during the period while their application is being examined are kept under surveillance by a well organized detective service. Some of the reports which are made of a man's habits and mode of life, with perhaps some of his pet secrets, as made to the detective bureaus of the different companies, would prove mighty interesting reading. Of course such matters can never become public property, and, in fact, the records are destroyed as soon as the application is passed upon. This fact, which is not generally known, may explain much to solid citizens who, for some unknown reason, have had their applications postponed indefinitely. The insurance companies are entirely justified in employing such an instrument to learn the facts about their risk. Men who live rationally, like men who fill positions of trust honestly, have nothing to fear from being watched.—New York Press.

Connecticut Quarantines.

Whenever a case of smallpox occurs in a country town in Connecticut, all roads leading to the house of the patient are barricaded, and a high fence is erected 150 feet away from the dwelling on all sides. Food is furnished the quarantined by a factotum, but no one else except the doctor is allowed to go near the house. The peculiar quarantine laws have been handed down from the colonial period.—Philadelphia Press.

FASCINATED BY FIRE.

BEASTS THAT ARE CRAZED OR HYPNOTIZED BY A BLAZE.

Difficulty of Rescuing Horses From a Burning Barn—The Calf and the Locomotive Headlight—Hunting With Fire That Was Dangerous When Indians Were Around.

The panic that is inspired in the minds of horses by a phenomenon so strange as fire can be understood only by those who have witnessed a fire in a large stable where numbers of horses are kept. The scene that ensues is one of the most frightful that can be conceived. The horses are rescued from the burning building with the utmost difficulty and only with most serious peril to the lives and limbs of the rescuers. The animals go mad with fright, rear, kick and dash from side to side so wildly as to make an attempt at rescue as perilous as an advance on a hostile battery. When rescued, they will often break away from those who hold them and charge back at full speed into the burning building, there to perish in the flames. They resist every attempt to take them out. They have been known to tear their rescuers with their teeth, to throw them to the ground and trample on them, to kick out their brains. As the fury of the flames increases so does the panic of the unfortunate animals. They scream out in agony as the fire reaches their bodies, yet they will not, for all that, seek safety in the open air. They are crazed with fear and yet remain to be burned to death when a ten seconds' run would carry them to liberty. But they never make the run, and, as a rule, are burned alive in the stalls, where alone they seem to fancy they can find security.

There is but one way to get them out, and that is to blind them with some convenient cover, such as a coat or a blanket, and thus, unable to see the dangers about them, trembling in every limb, apparently ready to fall to the earth with fear, they may be led out. But the cover must not be too quickly removed from their eyes. In fact, it should not be taken off until the animals are out of sight of the burning building; otherwise they will break away from the persons leading them, and in spite of the stoutest efforts at restraint will dash back to perish in the flames.

For cows a burning building does not seem to have the same fascination that it possesses for horses. It is said that when a cow stable is burning the animals may be led out without serious difficulty, save that which may result from their fright and the use they may make of their horns in their own frantic efforts to escape. It is a singular fact, however, that has often been noticed along the lines of railroads, that the headlight of a locomotive exercises on calves, and sometimes on their mothers also, a species of fascination nearly akin to hypnotism. Engineers tell many stories of this peculiar fact. Not long ago on a railroad running out of this city toward the south the engineer of a night train noticed something ahead of him on the track. Always apprehensive of danger, he blew his whistle, put on his brakes and guardedly approached the spot where the obstacle was observed. It was soon seen to be a calf that stood in the center of the track, staring with wide open eyes at the headlight. The whistle screamed a shrill alarm. The calf did not move. The bell was violently rung, but the animal heeded it not. With some difficulty the train was brought to a halt within a few feet of the fascinated calf that stood with head erect gazing at the light as though petrified. The fireman jumped down from the cab, seized the calf by the ears to drag it from the track, when instantly the moment its eyes were taken from the light the full possession of every faculty seemed to return, and with a bellow of fright the calf broke from his hands and ran away at full speed. The animal had undoubtedly been the victim of a species of hypnotism, and the moment its gaze was diverted from the object that fascinated it the spell was broken, and the calf ran away.

But the calves on the line of the Iron Mountain are not the only animals that are fascinated by fire, and advantage is taken of this circumstance by hunters who desire much game with little trouble. This species of sport is best carried on along the banks of a stream where deer are abundant. The hunters embark in a skiff, at the bow of which is fixed a fire-pan. In this a fire is kept brightly burning, or if more convenient a handful of rags soaked in oil is placed in the receptacle, while the occupants of the skiff are shaded from view by a screen. The skiff floats down the stream, guided by the noiseless use of a paddle, and the animals on the bank, attracted by so unusual a spectacle, stand helplessly gazing at it until they fall victims to the hunters' aim. It is said that even the most timid deer, when made aware of the presence of human beings by the scent, will not run away while the light is in sight, but, quivering in every nerve, will yet stand and watch the blaze until shot. The same plan of hunting was followed on land in the early days of this country, with the difference that the light was carried by one of the party while the others lurked in the rear, ready to do deadly execution. The sport was exciting, sometimes too much so, for strolling bands of Indians occasionally took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the light to hunt the hunters, and when they did so the result was always bad for the men who were carrying the light, as they were exposed and betrayed every motion to the hidden enemy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Scientific Speculation.

Referring to the warmer climate which is evidenced as having existed at one time all over the earth, Sir William Thompson says: "The earth might be a globe of white hot iron, covered with a crust of rock 2,000 feet thick, or there might be an ice cold temperature within 50 feet of the surface, yet the climate could not on that account be sensibly different from what it is, or the soil be sensibly more or less genial than it is for the roots of trees or smaller plants." Manifestly, therefore, the duration of life upon the surface can in no way be dependent upon the length, or intensity of heat supply from the interior. This, it is claimed, could not at the present time melt a millimeter thickness of ice.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Cunning Patient.

Muller meets his friend Nagel at the Turkish baths. Each is troubled with a gouty foot and has been ordered massage by his doctor. During the operation Muller cried out lustily with pain, while Nagel maintained a stolid composure, greatly to Muller's astonishment, who afterward asked him:

"How could you stand the rubbing so quietly? Didn't it hurt you atrociously?"

"Nothing of the kind," smilingly replied Nagel. "I simply held out my healthy foot!"—Lustige Blatter.

Compromising a Tenor.

Czar Nicholas used to walk the streets of St. Petersburg alone wrapped in a large gray cloak. It was forbidden to speak to him, but the czar sometimes forgot that a subject could not obey the prohibition if the emperor addressed him.

Once the czar met in a park the tenor singer of the Italian opera and exchanged a few words with him. The moment the czar was out of sight the police arrested the tenor. That evening the czar attended the opera, where, after a long delay, the manager announced that the tenor could not be found. Nicholas guessed what had happened and sent an aid-de-camp to release the singer.

A few days after the czar again met the tenor and began with an apology:

"I was very sorry"—

"May I implore your majesty," the Italian exclaimed, "not to speak to me! Your majesty will compromise me with the police."—Youth's Companion.

The young women sent out as wives for the Virginia colonists in 1620 brought from 120 to 160 pounds of tobacco apiece, the tobacco being worth 3 shillings a pound.

TORTURED THIRTY YEARS.

His Sufferings Ended After Using Munyon's Rheumatism Cure.

Mr. George Smith, of Tacony, Pa., says: "I suffered from rheumatism for 30 years, and had so many severe attacks that some of my joints were twisted out of shape. At times I suffered terrible pain, and, although I tried many remedies, I never obtained any permanent relief until I procured Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. The action of this remedy was wonderfully quick, and, although I have only taken a small quantity, I consider myself permanently cured."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to cure rheumatism in any part of the body. Acute or muscular rheumatism cured in from one to five days. It never fails to cure sharp shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body in from one to three hours. It is guaranteed to promptly cure lameness, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or pain in the back are speedily cured.

Munyon's Homoeopathic Home Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.

GAMBLING IN ITALY.

It Is Widespread and Brings the Government $10,000,000 a Year.

In Italy there are many highly moral laws against gambling, but the government is responsible for a system of state lotteries which encourages widespread gambling among the people.

The published statistics show average receipts of over $10,000,000 a year.

Every Saturday afternoon the lottery is drawn in the eight principal towns of Italy, and there are government lottery offices in every town and village, where tickets may be taken for any of the eight lotteries in the kingdom. A village may be too small to have a postoffice, but it will be pretty sure to have a lottery office.

The method of staking in the lottery is to select from one to four numbers and to stake what you please upon them at the nearest lottery office.

You may bet on one number, and if it is one of the five drawn in the lottery you receive 12½ times your stake. Or you may bet that it will be drawn either first, second, third, fourth or fifth in the order of drawing. In this case you get 66 times your stake if you win.

Another plan is to take two numbers and back what is called the ambo. If both your numbers come out among the five, you get 300 times your stake. If you choose three numbers, which is called a terno, and they all come out, you win 5,000 times your stake.

If you back four numbers, called a quaderno, you win 60,000 times your stake.

The method most in vogue among the peasants is to take three numbers and invest a small sum on the terno and on each of the ambos contained in it. A peasant's weekly investment ranges between 2 cents and 10 cents. As little as four-fifths of a cent may be staked.

All kinds of omens are consulted to arrive at the lucky numbers. Dreams are great favorites, and inspirations are drawn from any great national event.

For instance, when Victor Emmanuel died, the tip was to play the number of his age, the number of the year of his birth and the number of the day of the month on which he died. Thousands of people backed this terno, and, oddly enough, it actually came out.

A few weeks late Pope Pius IX died. The same game was played on the numbers relating to his death, and again the terno came out.

Of course the government lost a great deal of money on these occasions, but it would soon get it back again by the additional impulse given to the gambling by the news of these winnings.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Earth and the Sun.

M. Flammarion, in his new "Popular Astronomy," has managed to clothe with interest every matter that he has discussed. Take, for example, his presentation of the facts concerning the revolution of the earth about the sun: "We sail, then, in immensity, with a velocity 1,100 times greater than that of an express train. As such a train travels 1,100 times more rapidly than a tortoise, if we could send a locomotive in pursuit of the earth through space it would be exactly the same as if we set a tortoise to run after an express train. This velocity of our globe in its celestial orbit is 75 times swifter than that of a cannon ball."

These figures may not be exact to a decimal, but they are good enough for the purpose for which they are used, which is to exhibit how fast the earth must travel to cover 18 miles every second. A picturesque addition to these figures is a description of the sensations one would experience who should be permitted to stand on in space and see the earth go by. "He would shudder with tremor as it approached, under the form of a magnificent star, as it came nearer becoming a frightful moolf, covering the whole sky with its enormous mass, traversing without a stop the field of his affrighted vision, rolling itself, passing away like lightning and diminishing in the yawning depths of space." It would make the flesh creep on one of the old fashioned writers to find this in an astronomical work, but in spite of the absurdity of the hypothesis it is decidedly impressive.

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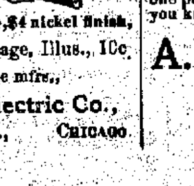

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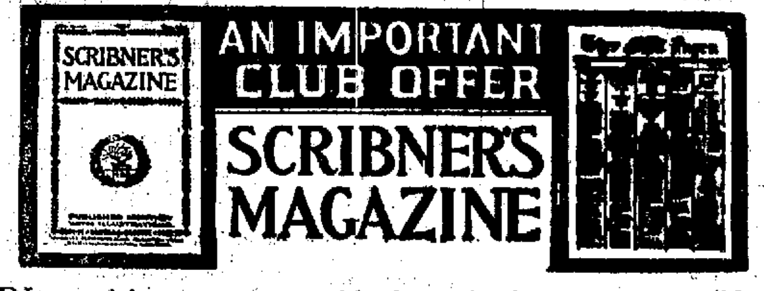

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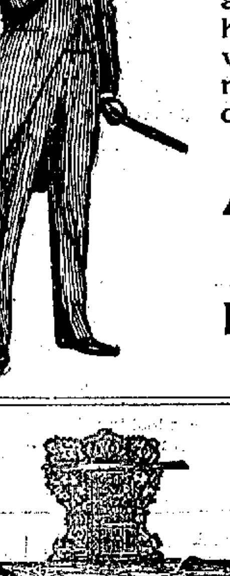

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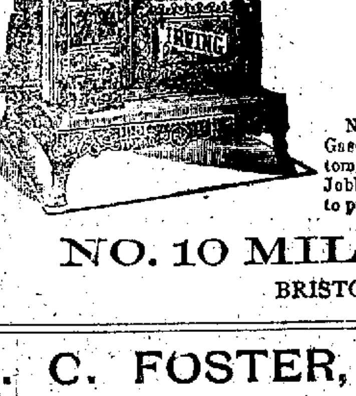

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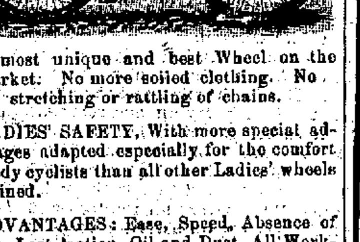

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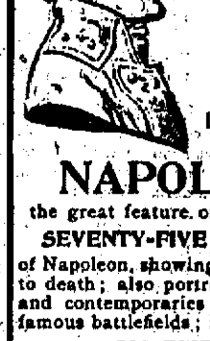

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May with the angels sing.
Some one may go, straight from your earthly table,
To banquet with a king.
—Boston Woman's Journal.

HIS LITTLE CHARGE.

The professor dropped the letter, which he had just read for the sixth time. He rose with nervous energy and went to the window. He gazed into the street and saw children, children, children—everywhere children—laughing, running, skipping and generally disporting themselves with the amiable idiocy of youth.

"What on earth shall I do with it?" muttered the professor, drumming on the window with his eyeglasses. "What put it into my sister's head that I would be the best person in the world to take care of her child? Why didn't her husband outlive her? Why did she die? The whole thing has been simply a plan to break my—hem! I don't mean that. I suppose poor Jane would have lived if she could, but what am I to do with a 3-year-old child in my bachelor quarters? I don't know, I'm sure. If Mottsboro were a big city, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad, but in a miserable little village like this, where every one's business is known to every one else, I shall be driven mad, I know I shall!"

As he stood gazing out of the window across the short stretch of level green lawn and over the snowy pickets of the well kept fence he became aware of a face at a window of the next house.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the professor, half aloud, "what will she think? I never spoke to her but once, and that was at Mrs. Barboy's lawn party, where I was introduced to her. Then she said it was a pretty sight, and I answered, 'Yes, it looks like rain.' I couldn't help it. She was so beautiful, and I was so—so—so modest—or—bashful—or idiotic—or something."

It was quite true. Ever since Professor Arthur Brewster, instructor in mathematics and astronomy at the Mottsboro high academy, had been presented to Miss Mabel Riker he had never dared to speak to her again. She had passed him on the street often and had always greeted him with a pleasant smile and a bow, but he had never dared to do more than lift his hat awkwardly and hasten on. He would have given a month's salary to find courage to say something, and a year's for the audacity to join her in a walk, but he realized that courage was not a purchasable commodity.

She saw him at the window and smiled, whereupon he retired into the room with great celerity. Her smile always frightened him. It always made him feel as if his heart had jumped out of place. He had hardly recovered from his alarm when the aged woman who acted as housekeeper, cook and general servant in his small cottage knocked at the door, and on entering said:

"There's a man here wid a child."

"O Lord, it's come!" said the professor, the perspiration starting out on his brow.

He went down to the sitting room, and there he found the express messenger. The professor did not dare to take his eyes off the man lest they should fall on the queer bundled up object on the sofa.

"Professor," said the messenger, "here's the kid, safe an sound. Brought 'er all the way myself. She's a jimdandy, she is. Her trunk is in the wagon. Wot'll I do with 't?"

"Bring it in and put it in the small room up stairs."

While the man was out of the room the professor walked to the empty fireplace and stood gazing into it, painfully aware that his every movement was solemnly observed by two coal black eyes. He could not have told how he knew they were black, but he was morally certain of it. The man returned with the trunk and deposited it in the small room beside a brand new iron bedstead.

"That's all O K, professor," said the man, pocketing certain bills. "I hope you'll like the kid, for she's a jimdandy."

A strange intonation in the man's voice caused the professor to tremble. There was a dismal silence for several minutes, and then a high pitched treble voice said:

"Is you my Uncle Art'ur?"

The professor started, turned and found the eyes looking up at him. There was no mistake, they were as black as a crow's wing. So was the hair that hung in tangles around the olive brow. The lips were red enough and the teeth white enough, but those eyes were dreadful.

"I am your uncle, Mary," he said feebly.

"Mamma said you'd be dood to me. Mamma's dead."

There was a queer monotonous pathos in the speech. The professor felt a new emotion. He did not know what it was, but it made him bend down and lay his hand gently on the child's head as he said:

"I'll be good to you, Mary."

"Den take off my fings."

This was more than the professor had bargained for, so he called the old woman. But the child refused to be touched by her.

"Do 'way," she said, with a most malignant expression, "do 'way. Wants Uncle Art'ur to be dood to me. Don't want ole womans. I scyatch ole womans."

"Mother o' Moses! Would yez heark to dhat!"

The professor was fain to make an attempt to take off the "fings." He struggled bravely and got the point of a pin in his finger, which drew from him a rude expression.

"Pin 'tick?" gravely inquired Mary.

"It did," answered the professor.

"Well, you mus'n' say no naughty words," continued Mary, "or you can't go to heaven. My mamma's dere. I wish I was."

And then the little black head fell forward, and a tear or two fell.

Professor Arthur Brewster looked uncomfortable at the old woman for a moment. Then he motioned to her to go. She obeyed, but when she peeped through the keyhole a moment later she saw the professor tenderly take the gypsy looking mite in his arms and hold it close to his breast, where the tears ceased to flow and the unnatural gravity resumed its sway.

"I wants to see house," said Mary.

"What house?" inquired the professor.

"Dis house," replied Mary, plainly marveling at his denseness.

"Oh!" remarked the professor humbly.

He took her by the hand and led her from room to room. She sniffed at the kitchen and viewed her own little apartment with evident doubt. But when the professor was about to return to the sitting room, passing the door of his study, she suddenly stopped.

"Wants to do in dere," she said.

"Oh, no," replied the professor, "I can't let little girls go in there."

"Den I cry," said Mary, as if that were an awful prediction.

"No, don't do that," answered her uncle, opening the door. "Walk right in."

She did so, and calmly surveying the apartment nodded her head.

"Like dis room. I stay here."

"Oh, you can't stay here, you know!"

"Den I cry."

Of course she staid, and until supper time she worried the professor worse than Laplace's nebular hypothesis had ever had. She pulled down books, mixed up papers, broke a pipe and upset a jar of tobacco. Such things had never happened before in the professor's sanctum, but in the presence of that mirthless midget with the preternaturally solemn countenance he felt powerless. At supper the child asked for all sorts of things that the professor supposed were poisonous to children, and all of which he promised to have in the house the next day, provided Mary would not carry out her one dread threat and cry.

But finally bedtime came, and then Mary flatly refused to allow the old woman to undress her. The professor perspired, but he managed to get the little garments off and to find in the poorly stocked trunk a nightdress. Robed in the long white gown Mary looked more than ever like a little gypsy, but when, with— [illegible] washing, she dropped on her knees before him and murmured in her broken language a little prayer he thought she might not be so painful a burden after all. But the end was not yet. When he had retired some hours later to his own bed and was endeavoring to compose himself to sleep, he became aware of the little figure standing beside his pillow.

"Why, Mary," he said, "whatever do you want now?"

"I lonely," she said. "Wants to sleep wiv you."

"Oh, no," he said rather shortly in his surprise. "That's quite out of the question!"

He turned his back on her, hoping she would return to her room, but a moment later he heard a meek little sob, and turning again found that she had finally carried out her supreme threat and was crying. He tried to be angry, but something tugged at his heart strings, and he reached out his arms and took her to his bosom, where she purred a minute like a kitten and dropped to sleep with the peace of a perfect trust on her queer little face.

But the next day the trouble began again. It made itself known in the morning mail, which was unusually bulky. The professor sat down in his study, while Mary gravely watched him from the olive seclusion of a patriarchal chair hitherto devoted to his exclusive use. He wiped his glasses, glanced furtively at the unreasonably silent child and opened the first letter, which read thus:

DEAR PROF.—Where did you get it? Yours truly, B. MURCHISON.

"Hum!" muttered the professor. "Impudent young rascal! Now he's graduated he feels safe. I shall ignore him." Then he opened the second letter:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR—What in the world will you do with it? Yours truly, MARY ALINE HARRISON.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed loudly. "That girl is a young minx. I shall ignore her also." With some hesitation he opened the third letter:

DEAR PROFESSOR BREWSTER—As you are a bachelor and cannot be supposed to know much about the care of children, you will, I am sure, not take it amiss that I, a widow, as you know, venture to offer you a word or two of advice.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the professor, hastily glancing at Mary, who was still solemnly watching him.

He read the letter through and was dazed by the number of suggestions about flannels, stockings, shoes, bedding, baths, food and drink, not to speak of the calm assertion that he ought to have a woman to take care of the child, and the writer's expression of regret that social customs would not permit her to visit him and give him her assistance. If the professor had been a vain man, he might have suspected the writer's motives, but he only wondered at her effrontery. Letter after letter the professor opened, and every one was about Mary.

"That precious express agent took good care to spread the news," he reflected.

Then he looked at Mary, or rather at the olive chair, for Mary had disappeared.

"Good gracious," he exclaimed, "where has she gone?"

He called, but she did not answer. He went into the next room, but she was not there. He looked into the kitchen, but the old woman declared that the "blessed little div'l" had not been near her. Up stairs went the professor in great haste, loudly calling for Mary. He tried to reason with himself that he ought to rejoice in her sudden disappearance and hope that she never, never would return, but his arguments could not hold their ground against that new thrill of anxiety which had got possession of his heart. He went out of the house and called loudly:

"Mary!"

"What you wants?" came the shrill answer from the other side of the fence.

There was Mary, comfortably seated in Mabel Riker's lap, while the girl affectionately patted her tangle of black curls.

"Oh—ah—yes—I beg pardon," stammered the professor. "You see—well—she went away when I was not looking."

"I quite understand your anxiety, professor," replied Mabel, a pretty flush mounting to her cheeks. "I should be anxious if I were in your place. She's such a sweet child."

"I wonder if she's making game of me," thought the professor. Then he said: "Now, Mary, you must come home. You mustn't bother Miss Riker."

"Oh, but she doesn't!" exclaimed Mabel.

"Wants to stay here," said Mary.

"Let me keep her a little while," pleaded Mabel. She could have kept the professor's entire world.

"Oh—why—of course, certainly, if you like."

"Uncle Art'ur's dood to me," cooed Mary. "Let me s'eep in he's bed, an I kiss 'im."

"Ha! Hum! Good morning," said the professor, retiring in the utmost confusion.

After that little Mary spent much of her time with Mabel Riker, and the professor's hours of studious retirement were not greatly abbreviated. And he was always glad when the child came trotting in at mealtime with some new story of Mabel's goodness.

"Yes, Mary," he said emphatically one day, "she's the best girl in the world."

Little Mary treasured that astounding declaration and in the afternoon remarked to Mabel:

"You's good to me. You's best girl in de world."

"Oh, Mary!" said Mabel. "That's too much. You mustn't say that."

"Will say dat. You's best girl in de world. Uncle Art'ur says you is."

"Oh-h-h," said Mabel in a low tone, her eyes softening and her face coloring.

When little Mary returned to her uncle, she was bursting with eagerness to repeat Mabel's reply. Suddenly, while the old woman was pouring out some milk, the child exclaimed:

"Uncle Art'ur, you's han'some."

"Howly murther!" cried the woman, spilling the milk.

"Why—why—Mary!" ejaculated the professor.

"You is. Mabel says you is."

"Wurra, wurra!" commented the old woman, hastening out of the room.

The professor said not a word, but he ate heartily and after supper smoked his pipe with uncommon zest. When Mary went to visit Mable the next day, she carried with her a pretty box of bonbons for that young woman, and when she returned she bore some choice berries plucked in Mrs. Riker's garden by Mabel's own fingers. The last detail caused the professor to refrain from eating the berries. He put them away in a secret place, where they were subsequently found, a lot of hard black pellets. How long this communication of spirits might have gone on it is impossible to say, but it was interrupted in a way which brought grave anxiety to the professor's heart. One evening Mary was much paler than usual, and she complained of pain in her head.

"You've been playing too hard," said the professor, with his newly acquired air of paternal wisdom.

So he sent her to bed early—to her own bed, in which she had finally consented to sleep. But in the silence of the night she came to his side, crying and complaining of the pain. He found her in a feverish state. The professor was a man of decision in most things. He promptly dressed himself, aroused the old woman, bade her sit by the child and went for the doctor. That dignified person, on arriving, looked wise and said:

"I am afraid she is in for the measles, or the scarlet fever, or else a bilious fever. It is really impossible to tell at this stage."

He gave explicit directions as to treatment and promised to call again in the forenoon. When he did so, he shook his head and said:

"Professor, this child needs a woman's care."

"I—I suppose you are right, but what shall I do? She will not allow my cook to come near her."

"Get a professional nurse."

"There are only two in town, and—they are both young—and—well, you know—I—I—live here alone."

"Well, sir, you must manage it somehow."

The doctor went away, leaving the professor much disturbed. A few minutes later the old woman informed him that Miss Riker was at the kitchen door inquiring about Mary. The professor felt that he ought to answer such an inquiry in person.

"I am much troubled," he said, "for the doctor thinks Mary ought to have a woman's care, and she will not tolerate the cook."

"Yes, so the cook told me," answered Mabel. After a minute's hesitation she added, "I think Mary would let me take care of her."

"I am sure she would," declared the professor warmly. "That is, of course, if—if—it were—possible."

"I think it might be done," said Mabel softly.

"Do you? How?"

"Let her come to our house."

"But would your mother be willing?"

"Oh, yes; she suggested it! She's very fond of Mary."

"Ah, yes. It is extremely good of you and your mother. I'll speak to the doctor about it."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Mabel. "How good—I mean—you—well—please let me know what the doctor says."

And she departed in some haste and in evident confusion. As for the professor, he would have worshiped her more than ever had that been possible. The doctor came again and consented to the removal. Indeed he urged that the child be taken to the Riker house at once, for he himself was at a loss to cope with the disease without a woman's help. So Mary was very carefully wrapped in blankets, and "Uncle Arthur" carried her to the little bed which had been prepared for her.

"I don't—I don't know how to express my gratitude to you, Miss Riker," he said, with feeling. "The child has become very dear to me."

"Don't speak of gratitude, professor," said Mabel frankly, extending her hand. "I love Mary."

The professor took the proffered hand, and they stood gazing silently at one another till Mabel seemed suddenly to recover consciousness, drew her hand away and went about her duties as nurse with bright eyes. At night little Mary became delirious. Sometimes she called for Mabel and sometimes for "Uncle Art'ur." She told Mabel over and over again that she was the best girl in the world, because "Uncle Art'ur" said she was, and she told the professor that he was handsome, because Mabel had so decided. And there was much confusion in two anxious minds. In the course of time, however, the disease passed its climax, and youthful nature triumphed. The burning waves of fever broke and rolled backward, leaving the pale face paler than ever with its startling contrast of black, shining eyes and tangled, raven hair. After a time little Mary was convalescent. Then the professor, bending gently over her, said:

"Tomorrow my dear little girl shall go home again."

"An tate Mabel, too," she said.

"Ah—well—Mabel will come to see you!"

"Won' do 'less Mabel does too."

"Well—ah—Mabel's mamma wants her to stay here."

"Den I stay here too."

"And must Uncle Arthur go home without his dear little girl?"

"No; Uncle Art'ur stay here wid Mary an Mabel."

"Oh—ah—I'm afraid I can't do that."

Mary looked first at Mabel and then at the professor, her piercing eyes showing all her wonder at the unreasonable obstacles in the way of her happiness.

"Mary, dear," said Mabel softly, "you must go home with your uncle, and I'll come and see you every day."

"Won' do away from you. Won' do away from Uncle Art'ur. Bofe dot to stay wid Mary, or she det sick adain an die."

And the black eyes became moist, while the lips quivered. The professor straightened up with a sudden snap.

"It might be managed to her satisfaction," he said.

"How?" asked Mabel softly.

"You come home with me—for good—as my—wife."

They were both bending over the child now, looking into her eyes. As the professor ceased speaking Mabel's head bent lower till her lips touched Mary's cheek. The professor's head sank till he kissed her other cheek. Then, lifting their lips from the pale face, they let their eyes meet.

Mabel very softly put her hand in his, bent to kiss the child again and murmured:

"We shall go home together, dear."—W. J. Henderson in New York Mail and Express.

The Vanderdecken Yarn.

There are many versions of the famous legend of the Flying Dutchman. Quite recently an American gentleman set himself the task of endeavoring to discover the paternity of the tradition, and who the Hollander was that brought upon himself and his companions such a miserable doom by his act of profanity. The result of his investigations would be extremely interesting, but it does not appear that he has yet given them to the world. Perhaps the story has nowhere been better told than by Captain Marryat in the novel which he founded upon it.

Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea captain of Amsterdam, coming home from Batavia, is much troubled by head winds when off the cape of Good Hope. Day after day he goes on struggling against the baffling weather without gaining a foot of ground. The sailors grow weary, the skipper impatient. Still the bleak sou'wester continues to blow the old galliot steadily back. For nine dreary weeks this goes on. Then a terrible fit of passion seizes Vanderdecken. He sinks down upon his knees, and raising his clinched fists to the heavens curses the Deity for opposing him, swearing that he will weather the cape yet in spite of the divine will, though he should go on beating about until the day of judgment.

As a punishment for this terrible impiety he is doomed to go on sailing in the stormy seas east of Agulhas until the last trumpet shall sound, forever struggling against head winds in a vain effort to double the South African cape. Such, in brief, is the legend of the Flying Dutchman as it has been accepted by English speaking sailors for many generations past.—Chambers' Journal.

Why He Was Advanced.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

The clerk went forward and returned with the answer that it was a lot of wagons going by.

The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

The manager then sent him to ascertain how many wagons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were 16. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated and sent for the young man and said to him:

"Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?"

The young man replied: "Sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass tomorrow. They belong to Romero & Co. of Lucena and are on their way to Marchena, where wheat is bringing $1.25 a bushel for hauling."

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said:

"My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."—Popular Science Monthly.

Bedticking Reins.

Strong and pretty reins for children may be made of bedticking. Cut a piece 3 inches wide and fold together, sewing firmly. Work the white lines in fancy stitches with colored wools, and across the front piece fasten small bells.

MAGGIE MEANY'S BLOOMERS.

They Were Misunderstood In St. Louis and Led to Mistaken Criticism.

Maggie Meany is one of the prettiest girls in St. Lawrence O'Toole's parish. She has flaxen hair that fluffs all about a face that is as delicately pink and white and smooth as the nacre of a seashell, dark blue eyes, a nose that envious feminine critics describe as somewhat stubbed, and a mouth lush and red and full and somewhat determined. Miss Maggie is the managing director of a typewriter in one of the biggest hardware houses in the west, and she some time ago purchased a bicycle, which she keeps at a friend's house on O'Fallon street, because her own folks are not at all fin de siecle and are discouragers of all manner of innovations and improvements. She has learned to ride very well; but, like all of her downtrodden sex, the petticoat has hampered her and impeded her and stood as a bar to achievement. Maggie has, she admits, often yearned for bloomers, but she never had the nerve to buy a pair. It would have been too revolutionary. But the friend at whose house the cycle is stabled bought a set, and being much of the same figure and aplomb as Maggie the latter put them on the other day, and early in the morning, when nobody was apt to be about, she took a spin upon her wheel with a new sense of delight in being alive.

As luck would have it, just as she turned into Carr street whom should she meet but Mrs. Julia Burke, who saw the girl before the girl saw that most respectable and conservative widow. Mrs. Burke shrieked, "For the love of dacincy, Maggie, whoever dhragged the clothes av you, child?" Miss Meany was so startled that she twisted her machine into the curb and broke the tire, and Mrs. Burke, with the kindliest and most motherly intentions, whipped off her shawl and handed it to Maggie, saying: "Cover the legs av you, dear, and make a run for the nearest house, and I'll get your mother to bring you a skirt. Ain't it too bad, darlin! But who did it at all?"

Maggie by this time was mad all the way through, which was not far, of course, but still it was as mad as she could get. She tore off the shawl and threw it at Mrs. Burke and called her a hateful old thing, and she next took the wrecked wheel in hand and began walking home, closely followed by the widow, who was satisfied the poor child was insane, and who meant to see she came to no further harm. All went well for about a block, when little Tim Doolan, the grocer's son, saw the procession and rushed breathlessly back to his house, calling out at the top of his voice for the folks to come and see Maggie Meany going home without any clothes on. This was an exaggeration, but it brought out the Doolan family, especially Mr. Doolan, all of whom joined Mrs. Burke in deploring poor Maggie's sad condition. Little Tim, having information to impart, went on ahead, notifying the neighbors of the strange spectacle and generally acting as grand marshal of the parade, until by the time the procession crossed Biddle street pretty nearly the whole voting population of the precinct was out. Maggie said nothing, but her mouth was shut tightly, her blue eyes blazed, and two red spots glowed in her cheeks. At last little Tim unthinkingly got within range, and the next minute there was assault and battery all over Fourteenth street. She boxed his ears, and she pulled his hair, and there was a twinkle of neat black stockings as she held him off and kicked at him, but it was not for long. The Doolan family rescued Tim, and Mrs. Doolan said things to Maggie. Mr. Meany came up at this time and sailed into Mr. Doolan under the impression that he had something to do with Maggie's attire, and it was not until Mr. Doolan had pounded Mr. Meany's head back and forth on the pavement quite often that he would listen to any explanation whatever. The bicycle is now for sale.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Kiss Made His Fortune.

A kiss once played an important part in the life of the famous Belgian statesman, Frere-Orban. In his youth the future minister was a poor student, bearing the simple name of Frere. He had great difficulty in earning enough money to keep him at the university till he was ready to pass his examination in the department of law.

The young man fell in love with a Fraulein Orban, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who opposed his suit.

"If you pass your examination well tomorrow," said Fraulein Orban on the eve of the trial to her lover, "come to the theater and to the box in which I shall be sitting with my parents."

"Will they allow me?" asked the student.

"I shall see to that," was the determined young woman's answer.

Frere was successful and entered the box in the evening happy, but frightened. The pretty girl, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, stood up, rushed toward him before a word was spoken and kissed him heartily on the lips. The astonished parents were soon informed of the significance of the kiss by the daughter. As many other people had seen the young girl's action the parents decided to make the best of it and accepted young Frere as a son-in-law on condition that he add Orban to his name. This he did as a matter of course and made it famous.—New York Tribune.

Effect of London Fogs.

Epping forest, one of the few remaining stretches of woodland in the vicinity of London, is not alone sustaining destruction by the invasion of rows of jaunty modern villas, but even the trees that remain are becoming sophisticated and cockney. The lichens and cryptogram, once so common in this beautiful forest, have almost entirely disappeared, and the vanishing is attributed to the encroachment of the London fog and smoke.

This is not a farfetched idea, as it is stated that the famous hop gardens of the county Kent, in the vicinity of Maidstone, 30 miles away from the metropolis, sometimes show the effects of the London fog. One can readily understand why the recent story by a sensational novelist of the sudden asphyxiation of the whole 4,000,000 of people of the great city by means of a sudden and dense fog should have bred a deep alarm and have started a discussion that will not down as to possible remedies.—Pittsburg Times.

Battle of the Herrings.

The battle of the herrings was the comical name given to a fight between an English force and a French detachment not far from Orleans in 1429. The English were conveying a large quantity of supplies, mainly herrings, for it was Lent, to the army that was besieging Orleans. The English had 1,600 men, the French 6,000. The former repulsed the assailants and saved the herrings, so the battle was named in honor of the supplies.

Learning How.

It was under the electric light on Prospect avenue, with which a very second rate moon was foolishly competing.

Stealthily she advanced through the big gate, dragging a mysterious object with her, glancing furtively from side to side, the light of a fell purpose in her eye.

There was a dread hush on every porch along the block, and even the boldest held his breath for a time. (The breaths of several being very strong, this feat deserves much praise.)

She threw a lowering glance around that finally hit a knothole in the sidewalk with crushing force and took a little run like a startled fawn or a cat out of the pantry. Every eye was now glued upon her. We will mention the glue used if properly approached.

In vain. Once more she hitches her skirts and runs as above. There is a smothered shriek and a sigh of satisfaction from all the porches while the wheel reposes on its side. She has merely mounted her machine and tumbled off again.—Hot Springs Thomas Cat.

The eggs of the crocodile are scarcely larger than those of the goose.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

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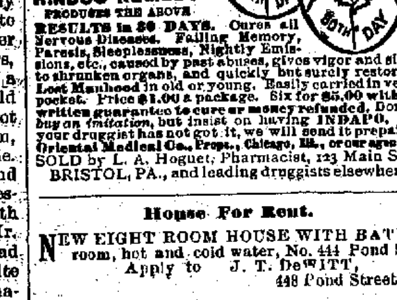

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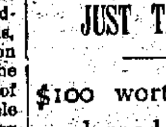

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Harper's Magazine.
IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

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IN 1895.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

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Harper's Weekly.
IN 1895.

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The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strike and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well known American artist, now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to HARPER'S WEEKLY exclusive information and illustration.

During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanly J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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